Resurgam

Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Henry Hadley

Oliver Ditson Company

Boston

IN U. S. A.

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Legal Opinion of GEORGE W. POUND
General Counsel, MUSIC INDUSTRIES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

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Resurgam

For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Text by

Louise Ayres Garnett

Music by

Henry Hadley

Opus 98

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MADE IN U. S. A.

H13R

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SOLO VOICES: SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR AND BASS

TIME OF PERFORMANCE: ABOUT ONE HOUR AND A HALF

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Orchestra score and parts may be rented from the publishers only

To the

Memory of My Dear Father

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Resurgam

Part I — *BIRTH*

No. 1 — *Out of the dust Thou hast raised me*

OUT of the dust Thou hast raised me, God of the living;
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me to the light of the morning.
Mine eyes are full of the wonders of creation,
And my spirit leaps within me.
I behold Thy glory lifted into mountains,
Thy kindness deepened into valleys,
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the seas.
In plenteous ways thou hast devised the telling of Thy dreams,
Entreating beauty from the clay,
And quickening man from out his dusty silence.
Thou floatest flakes of color in the air, and, breathing on them,
Wingest them to life;
Thou callest forth the dazed leviathan up from the watery reaches,
And summonest vasty creatures who come lumbering past,
Astonished at their being.
Who am I, Lord of Creation, that Thou shouldst think upon me?
Beside a mountain or a soaring bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?

I can praise Thee, O my God!
I can praise Thee to the summit of my singing;
With the flesh of me, with the breath of me, with the height of me!
Increase my stature until I pass the oak and glimpse the towers of heaven!
With the waters of gratitude I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
For thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings within me!

No. 2 — *Love supreme and light of light*

Love supreme and light of light,
All creation's very God,
Who hast summoned man from sleep,
Raised him living from the sod:
Thou who gavest life to me,
Take the gift I bring to Thee.

Valley-deepened is my heart,
Greenly decked with gratitude;
Mountain-lifted is my soul,
Striving toward infinitude.
With the dawn of waking things
Mounts the song my spirit sings.

As the waters of the earth
Spread the reaches of my thought,
Where with white and swelling sails
Ride the dreams my hope has wrought.
Out of silence into birth
Thou hast brought me, God, to earth.

To Thy use I consecrate
This, my being's sacred cup,
And to Thee, O Lord of Birth,
Joyously I lift it up.
Make me pleasing in Thy sight,
O God of love and light of light.

INTERLUDE — SCHERZO

No. 3 — *Over the hills of the sky they come dancing*

Over the hills of the sky they come dancing,
Children — Children!
Their feet are white as water-lilies,
Staining the night with petals of snow.
Their hair throws nets of beauty to the moon,
Catching a tangle of stars.
The bells of heaven are in their laughter,
And they ring, ring, ring,
Ring till all the skyey casements open,
Open to their chiming.

Play, children!
Play your fleetest!
Play in a passion of joy
On the hills of delight!
Join your hands as you frolic
And make a garland of gladness.
Circle around and around and around,
Till planets speed their spinning
In airy rivalry.
And find a baby-angel,
His wings still moist with blossoming,
And dance about him,
Singing as you go:

Ring-a-ring-a-rosie,
Pocketful o' posie.
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy,
Wings a-shimmering,
Smile a-glimmering,
Digging toes
In clouds of rose.
See him shake his chubby fist,
Dimpled where it has been kissed!
Ring-a-ring-a-rosie,
Pocketful o' posie,
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy.

Dance, children!
Dance in the sun!
Fling your hearts like balls in the air
And catch with eager hands!
Run through the heavenly orchard,
And gather the golden fruits!
See the baby-angel,
His pretty wings a-quiver;
He has seized a yellow apple,
And tossed it with his might.
Over it rolls,

Down, down, down—
The children plunge after it,
Laughing and shouting,
Shouting and laughing,
The children plunge after it,
The baby-angel, unafraid,
Trying out his wings.
Down to earth
In a flock they go tumbling,
And the earth-folk,
Seeing the golden fruit,
Think a star is falling.

Haste, children!
Haste with runaway footsteps!
Find your yellow plaything
And hurry back to heaven!

Part II — *LIFE*

No. 4 — *Into the noon of labor I go forth*

Into the noon of labor I go forth that I may reap my destiny.
Sorrow is my lot, and labor my achievement,
The beauty of God's handiwork my compensation.
Something within me rushes like a fountain and urges me to joy;
Sorrow is as beauty, and labor as reward.
Thou art become a greater God, O God, because of mine endeavor.
Listen through mine ears, Thou of my singing sanctuary,
Listen through mine ears, that I hear Thy silent music;
Look through mine eyes, that I vision the unseen;
Speak through my lips that I utter words of gladness.
Walk Thou with me, work Thou through me,
That I may make Thee manifest in all my ways.
I will praise Thee, God, praise Thee with the labor of my hands
And with the service of my spirit!

No. 5 — *I know my fires consume too fast*

I know my fires consume too fast,
I know that soon they will have passed,
But oh, the joy of mounting flame,
The gift of warmth to those who came.
Burn, my spirit, in the blast!
These bones to ash must turn at last,
So light the world in beauty's name!

Grief, I have climbed thy heights;
Joy, I have seen thy face;
Work, I have proved thy rights;
Love, I have run thy race;
Youth, I have flown thy kites;
Age, I have learned thy pace.
Each is a friend to me,
True without end to me,
Each doth extend to me
Knowledge and grace.

Part III — *DEATH*

No. 6 — *Into the valley-land my feet descend*

Into the valley-land my feet descend, and man may not go with me;
But Thou, O God, companion me in love that I be unafraid.
The dream of death has flowered in my soul and sounds of earth fall dimly on my ears.
Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and the crimson pageant of my passing hour
Flames in their deeps and moves across the sky.
Something within me reaches back to birth and fills me with exulting.
As the waters of a river, sweep the wonders of creation through my being,
And birth and death are so inseparate I know not each from each.

And yet a mighty fearing falls upon me.
Shadows descend and blur the crimson hills.
A wind flung from a womb of ice
Blows from the shores of nothingness.
The shadows shed their shoes of stealth;
They run in naked swiftness from the hills
Calling the hosts of darkness.
The winds sing a song of fury,
The winds arise and shout their passion down the world.
Drained in a pitiless draught
Are the splendors of the skies.
Towers of cypress touch the heights;
Yea, in a battlement of gloom
The towers of cypress overwhelm the heavens.
My peace is perished,
My dreams are fallen from me.
Into the night no planet speeds its glory;
The stars are drowned.
Lonely the hulk of a broken moon
Lifts its bloody sail.

Why hast Thou hidden Thyself, O God?
Why hast Thou turned Thy face aside
And burdened me with night?
Where is my dream of death,
And where its sanctuary?
The heat of hell assails me;
I am consumed in bitterness and pain.
Reveal Thyself, O unforgetting Spirit!
Unfold Thyself that I may be enshrined
In the beauty of Thy presence.
Drive forth this mocking counterfeit of Death,
For it is Thou who art my Death, O living God,
It is Thou who art my Death, and only Thou!

My fearing passes from me:
As a heavy mantle falling from tired shoulders,
My fearing slips away.
Thou hast heard my cry, O Great Bestower!

Thou hast heard my cry, Thou hast lifted me up,
Thou hast delivered me.
Candles are set at my feet that I be not lost forever.
The blight of darkness is resolved into tranquil eventide.

Now does the hush of night lie purple on the hills.
The moon walks softly in a trance of sleep;
Her whiteness cools the passion of the skies.
I hang my quiet lute upon her curve
And let the night winds chant my requiem.
Waters of peace arise and drift me down the spaciousness of silence and of song;
God lights His solemn watch-fires overhead to keep the vigil of man's mystery.
In the triumph of surrender I take Thy gift of sleep.
Lean low, Thou Shepherd of my dreams; lean low to meet me as I lift on high
The chalice of my dying.

No. 7 — *When sleeping shall my eyelids close*

When sleeping shall my eyelids close
And I must lay me down at last,
Perils of doubt through which I passed
Shall drift away as twilight goes.
Visions of tasks I should have done,
Passion of grief for deeds of wrong,
All shall merge in the evening song
That marks the setting of my sun.

Song of my passing, song of dust,
Thrown to the winds that swept it hence!
Mortal longing for Why and Whence
Into the urn of silence thrust!
Who shall fathom, in asking why,
The pomp and purpose of man's renown?
He only knows, when he lays him down,
It was good to live, it is good to die.

Sweet is the music in my ears
That croons the song of life and death.
A prayer of praise with my last breath
I send to Him who spent my years.
Back of the hills where night is deep,
Splendidly sinks my setting sun.
Receive me, God; my day is done:
I only know that I must sleep.

Part IV — *RE-BIRTH*

No. 8 — *I slept, and now I wake again*

I slept, and now I wake again.
O waking past my dreaming!
O Love Imperious that has called me forth from out my valley's shadow!
I feel my spirit stir and half awake,
Then look in bright bewilderment at dawn.

A mighty whirlwind, breath of the living God,
Sweeps from beyond the barricades of night and stooping low
Lifts me from out my dust and sets me free.
I feel the Power that moors me to Itself;
That keeps the rhythmic pattern of the stars;
That spins, like a fiery plaything in the air,
The Earth that was my home.
In the beginning I looked upon creation,
And my heart grew great within me.
Now that I look upon a life renewed,
And know that man is born again,
My heart is as a forest treed with wonder,
The cymbals of my joyance make a stirring sound,
My singing shakes the day.
Yea, as the new-born plants sang in ecstasy,
So sing the voices of my thankfulness.

No. 9 — *I praise Thee!*

I praise Thee!
I glorify Thee!
My spirit on its summit shouts Thy name!
Thou art the Singer, man Thy song,
And yet, because Thou art the source of all my being's music,
I dare to lift my voice and sing of Thee.
O Singer, Who hast sent me forth,
I am returned to Thee!
Home to the voice that sang me,
Home to the breath of birth,
Home to the bells that rang me
From heavenly heights to earth,
Home to the hand that wrought me,
Home to the primal sod,
Home to the mind that thought me,
Home to the breast of God.

RESURGAM
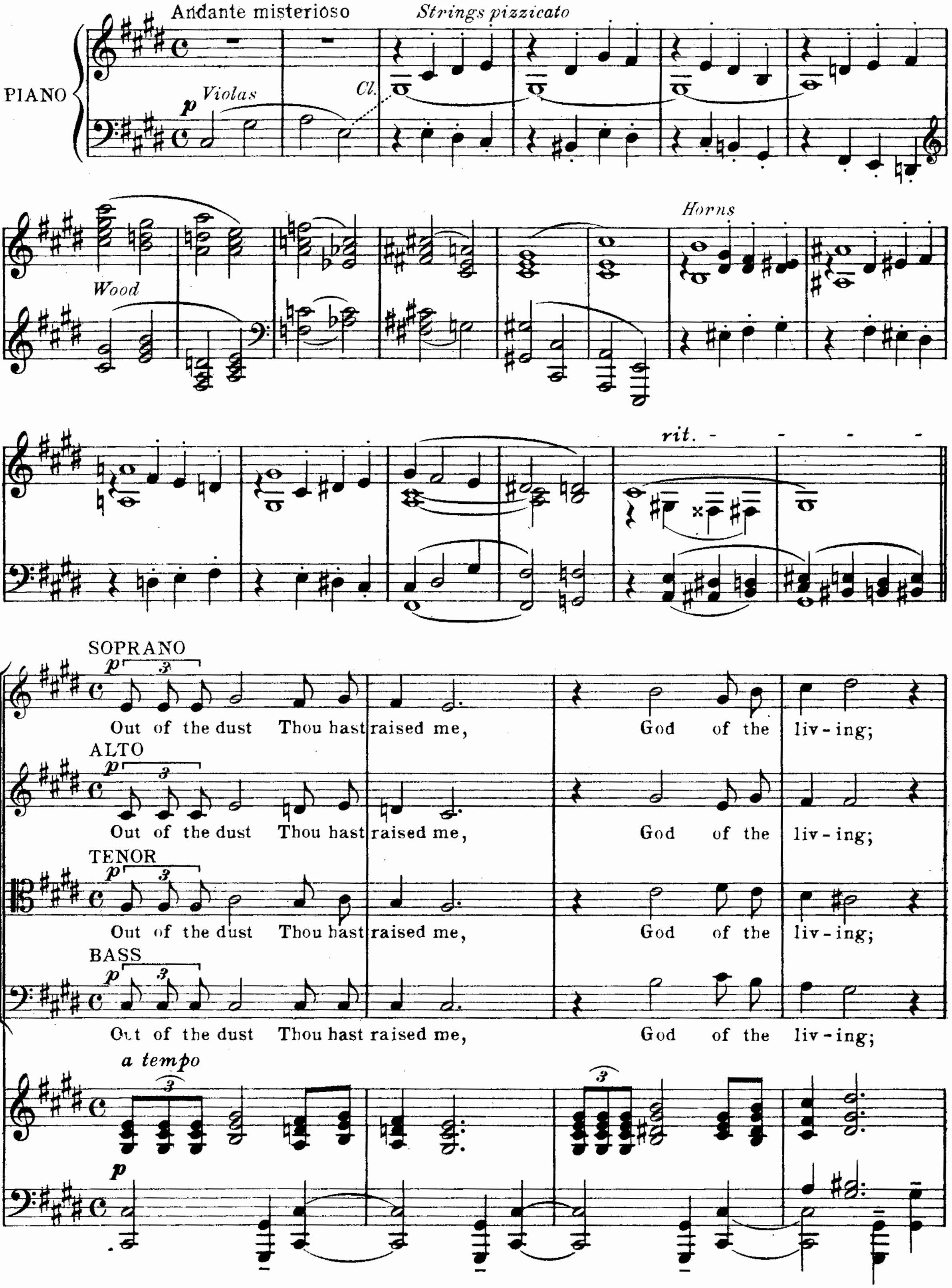
Part I - Birth

Nº1. OUT OF THE DUST
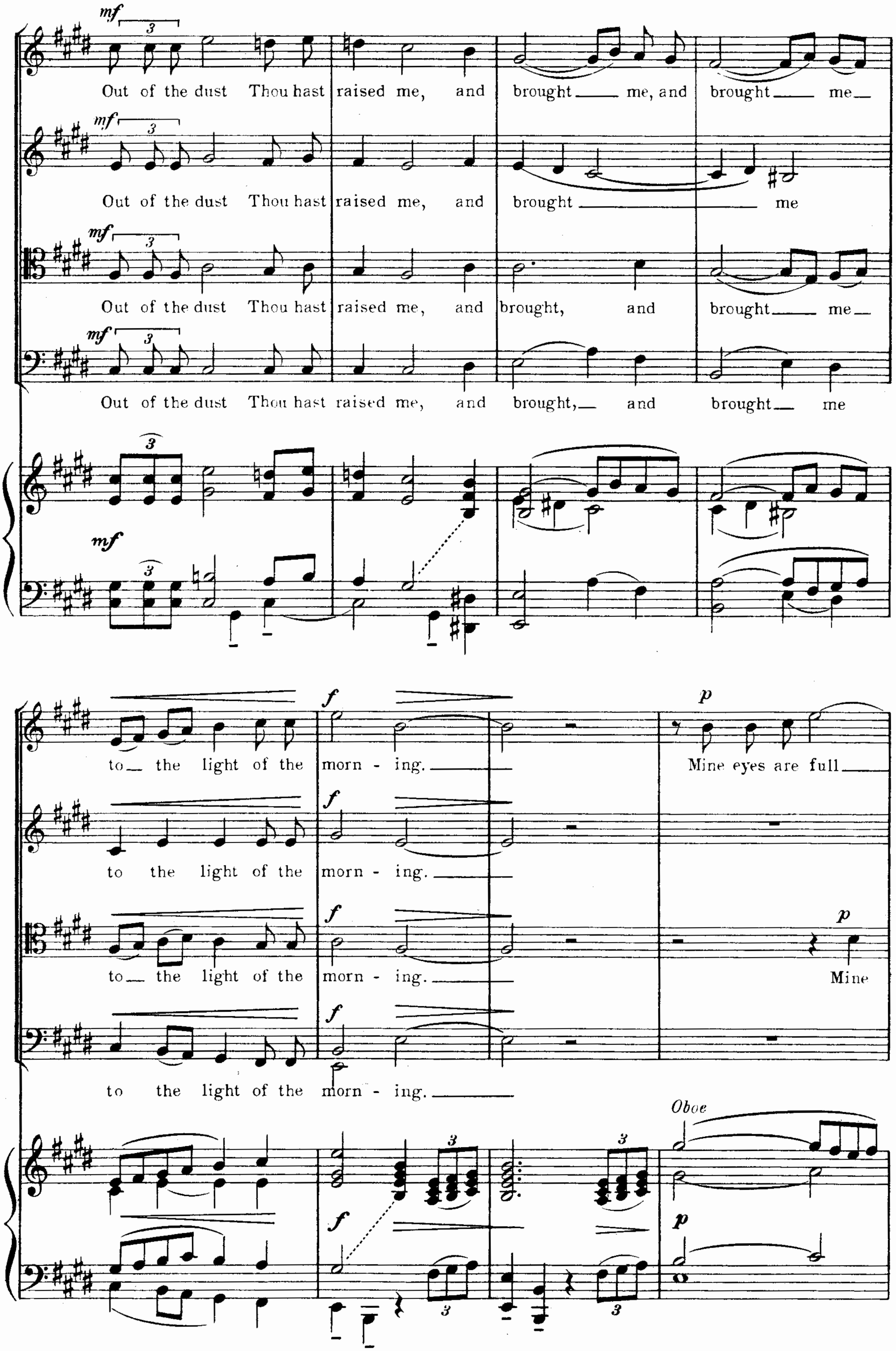
Chorus
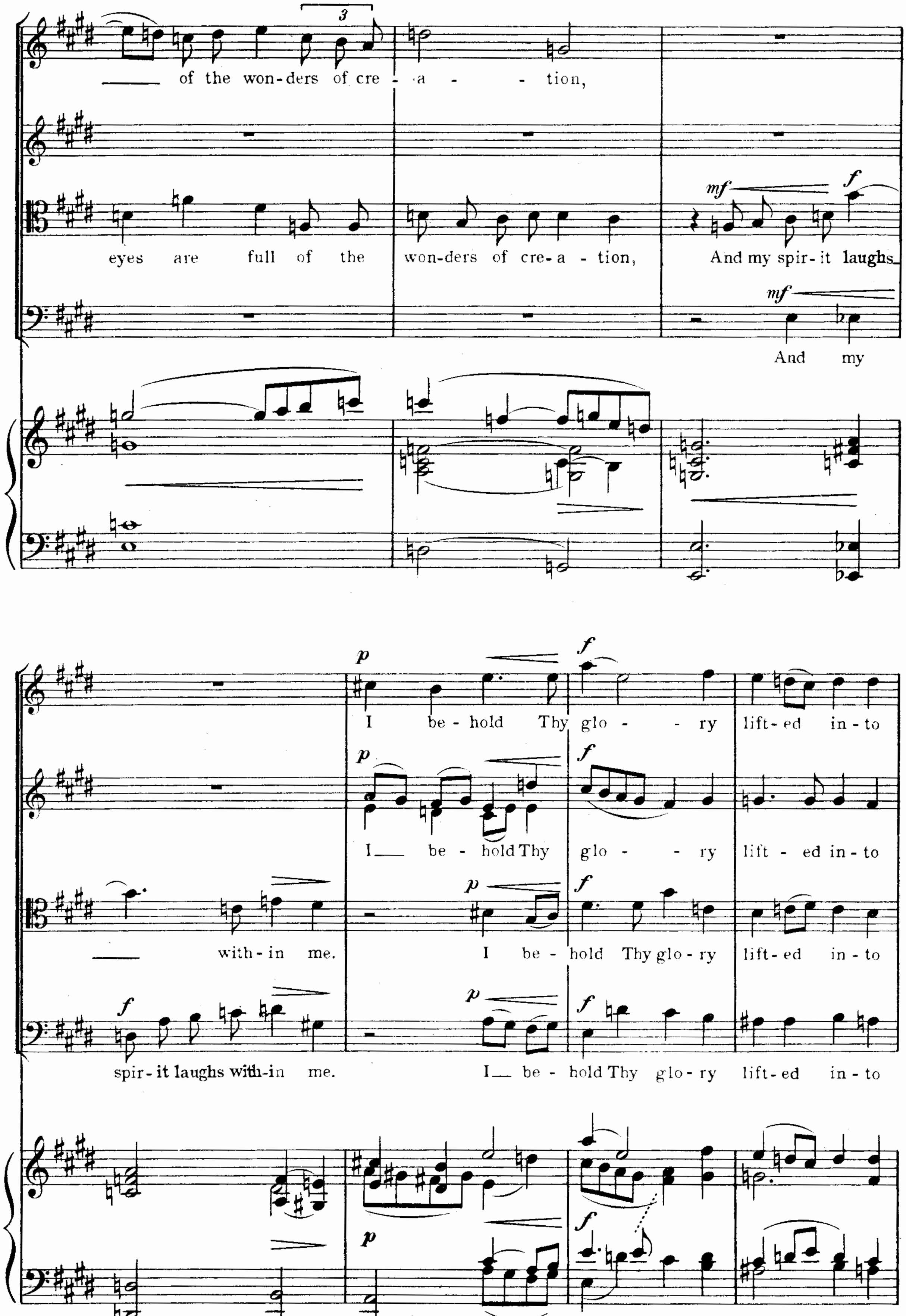
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT
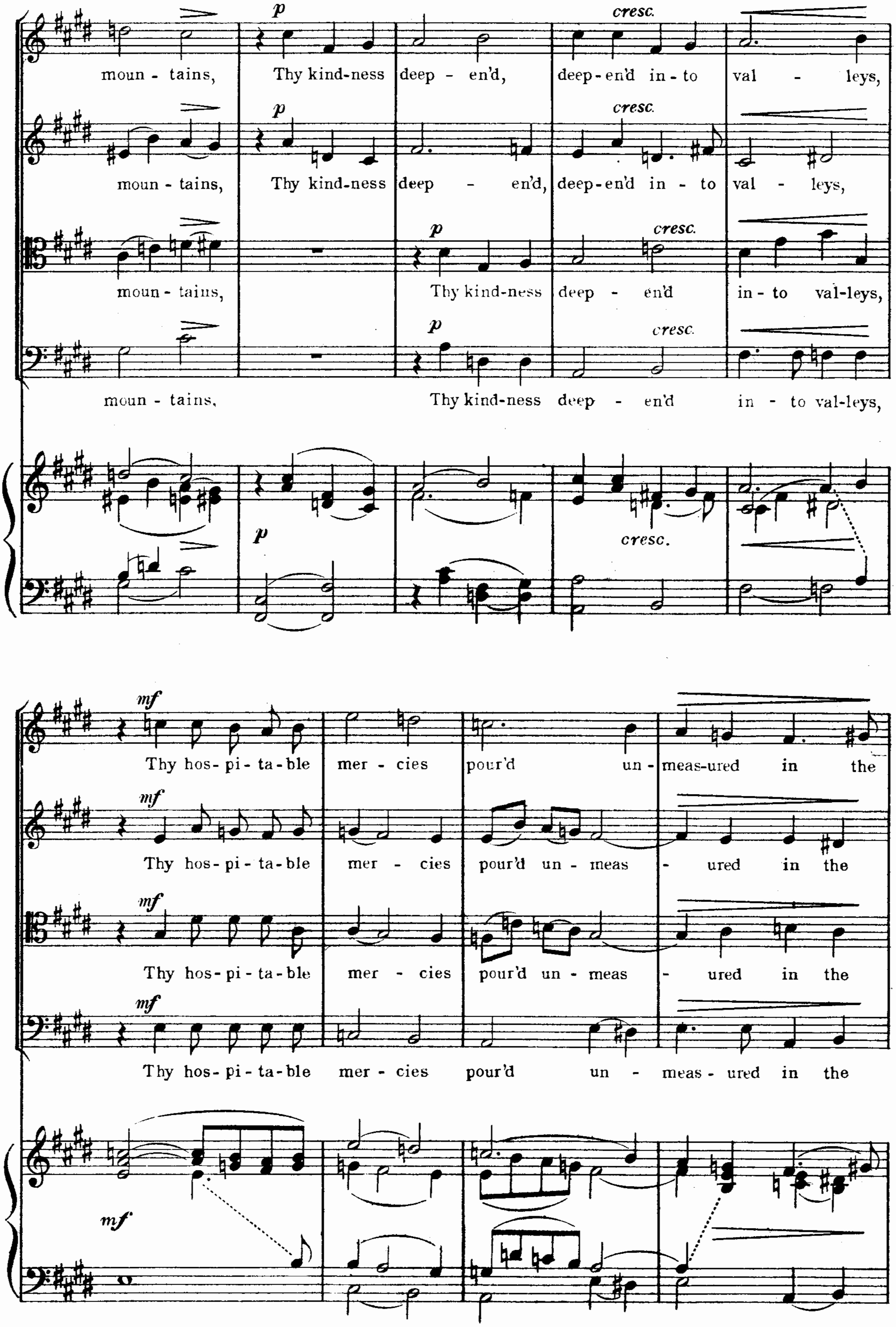
HENRY HADLEY, Op. 98
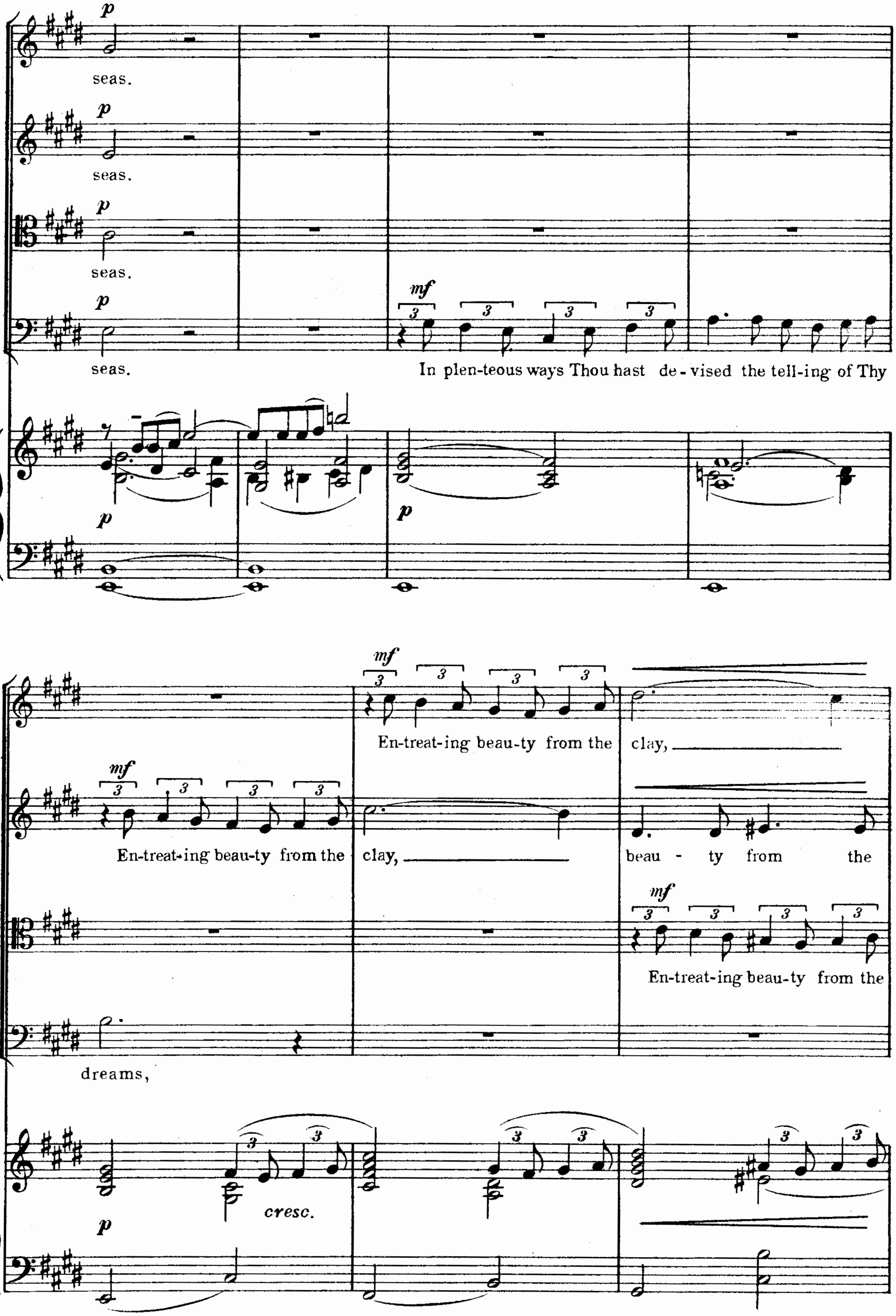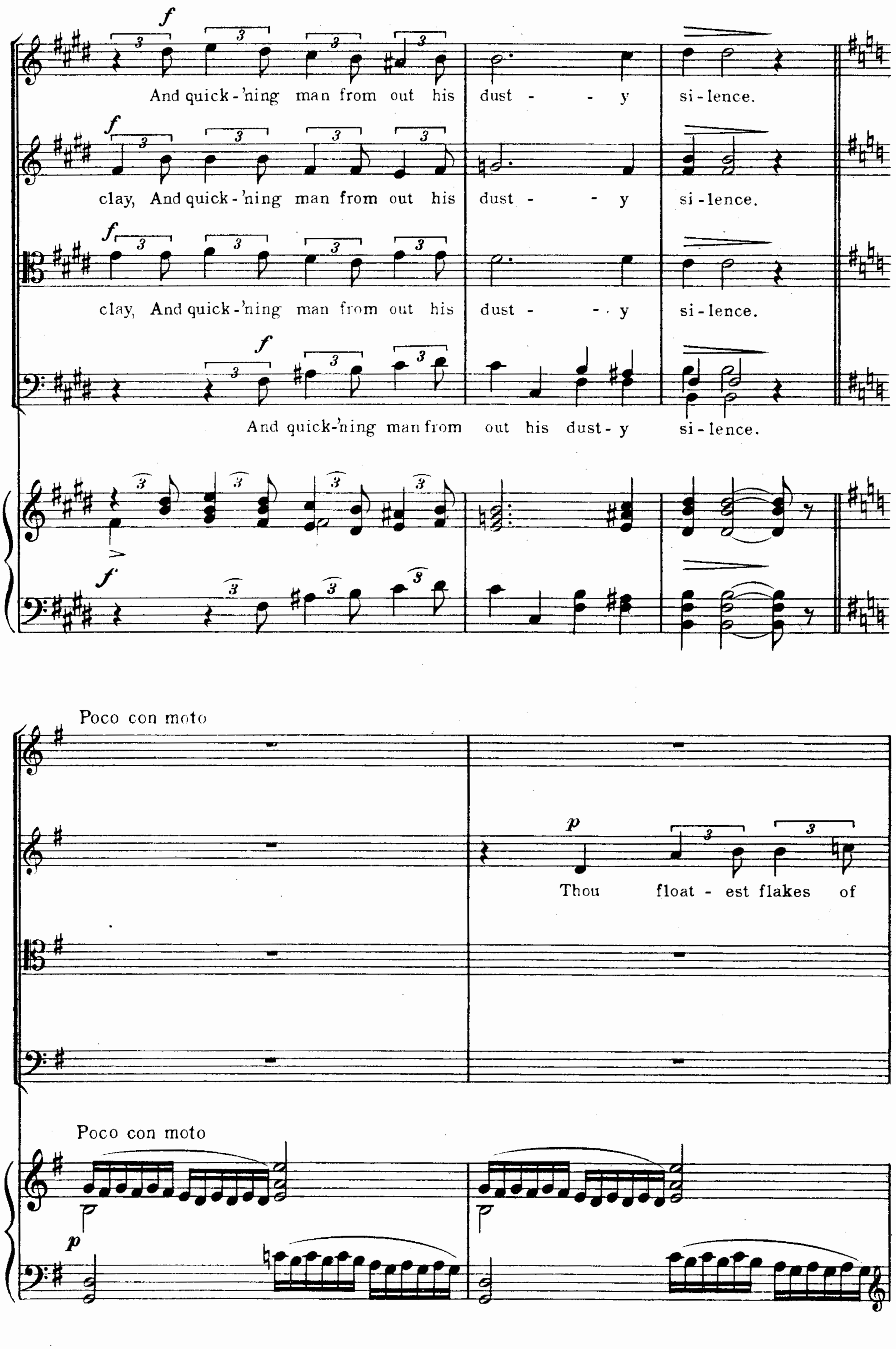


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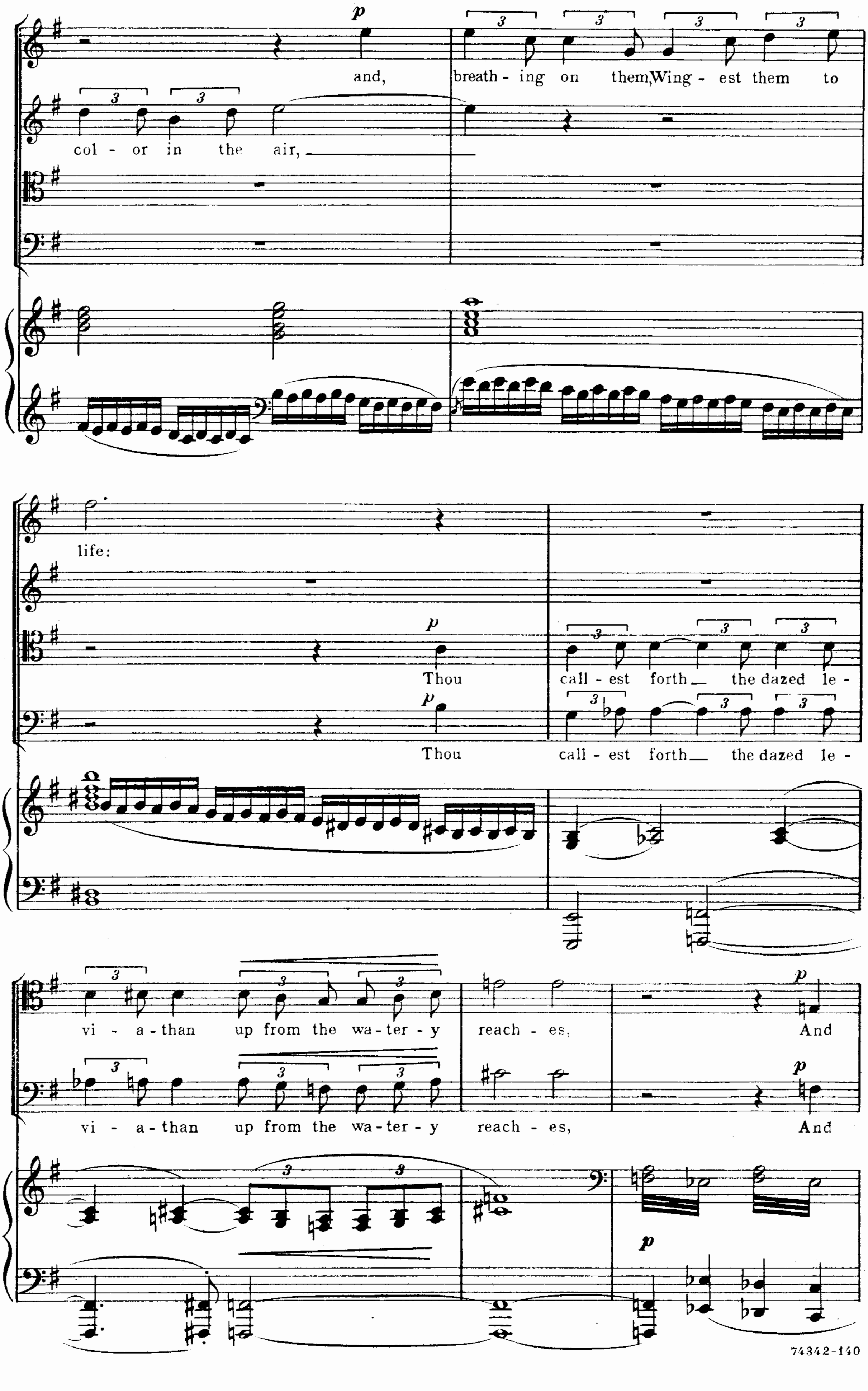

mf
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me, and brought me
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought, and brought me
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought, and brought me
to the light of the morn - ing.
Mine eyes are full
Mine
f
p
Oboe
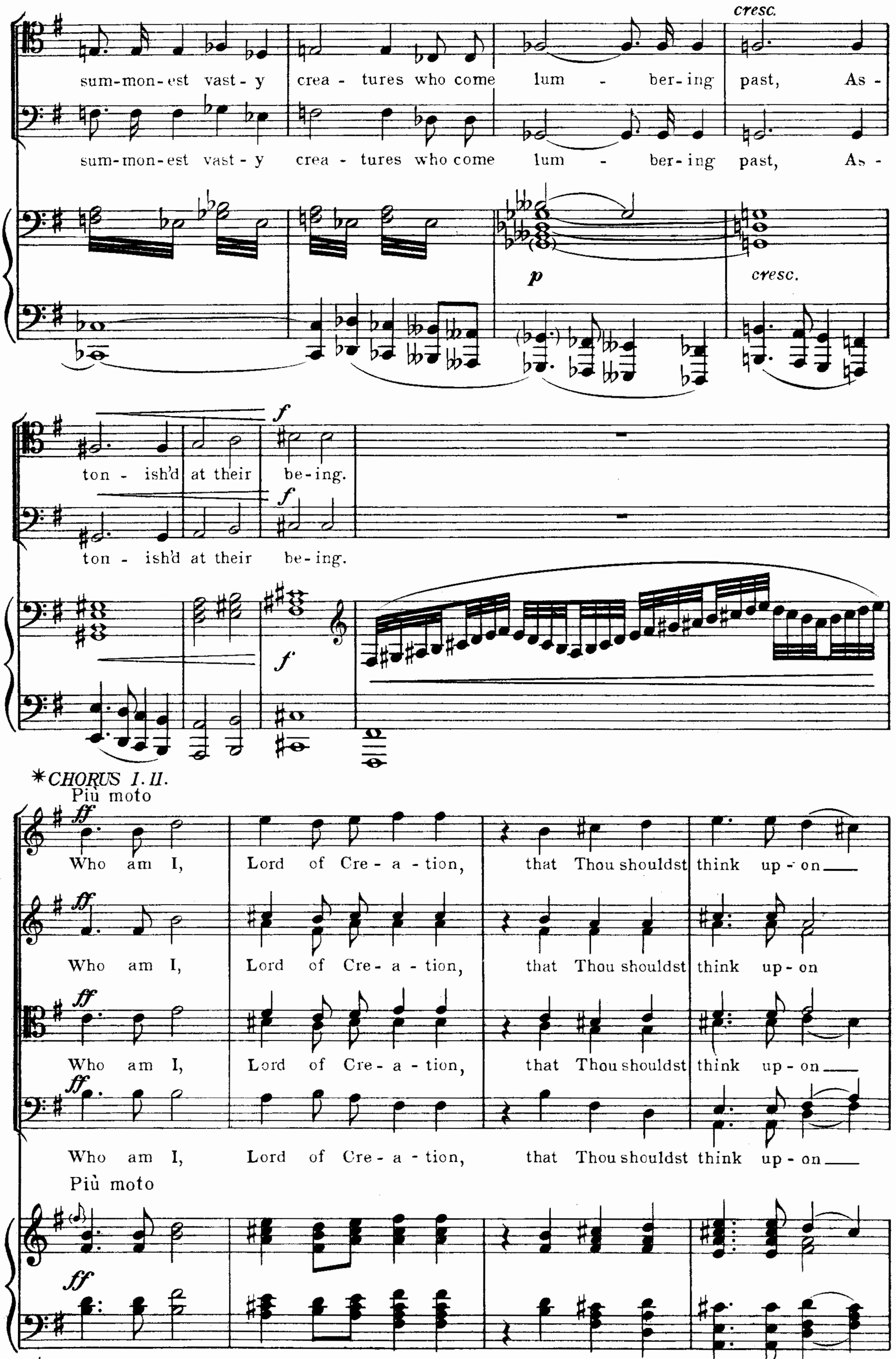

of the won-ders of cre - a - - tion,
eyes are full of the wonders of cre-a-tion,
And my spir-it laughs
And my
I be-hold Thy glo - - ry lift-ed in-to
I be-hold Thy glo - - ry lift - ed in-to
with-in me.
I be-hold Thy glo-ry lift-ed in-to
spir-it laughs with-in me.
I be-hold Thy glo-ry lift-ed in-to


p
cresc.
mf
mountains, Thy kindness deepen'd, deepen'd into valleys,
moun - tains, Thy kind-ness deep - en'd, deep-en'd in - to val - leys,
moun - tains, Thy kind-ness deep - en'd in - to val-leys,
moun - tains, Thy kind-ness deep - en'd in - to val-leys,
Thy hos-pi-ta-ble mer - cies pour'd un - meas-ured in the
Thy hos-pi-ta-ble mer - cies pour'd un - meas - ured in the
Thy hos-pi-ta-ble mer - cies pour'd un - meas - ured in the
Thy hos-pi-ta-ble mer - cies pour'd un - meas - ured in the
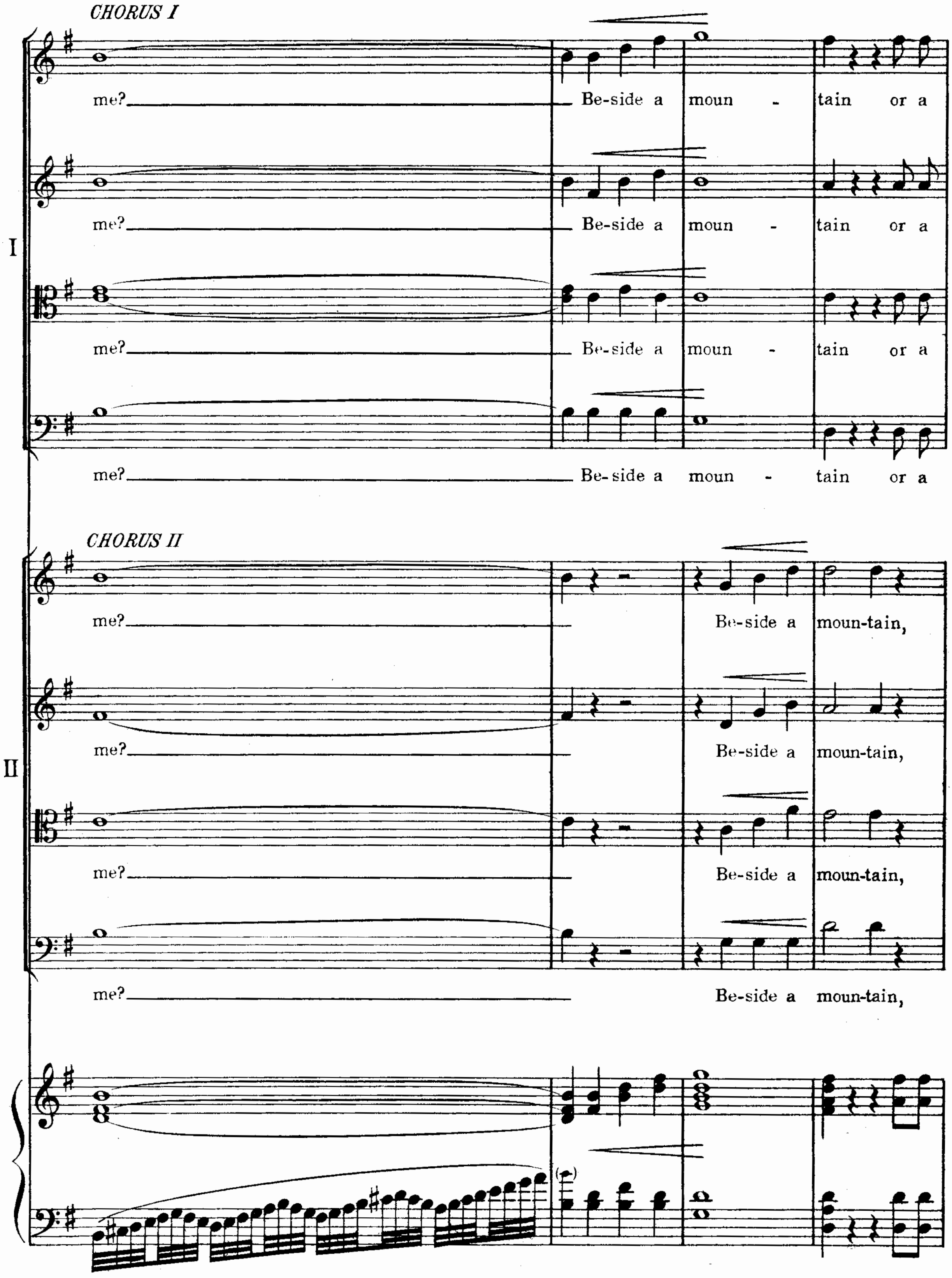

p
seas.
p
seas.
p
seas.
p
seas.
mf
In plen-teous ways Thou hast de-vised the tell-ing of Thy
p
p
mf
En-treat-ing beau-ty from the clay,
mf
En-treat-ing beau-ty from the clay,
beau - ty from the
mf
En-treat-ing beau-ty from the
dreams,
cresc.
p
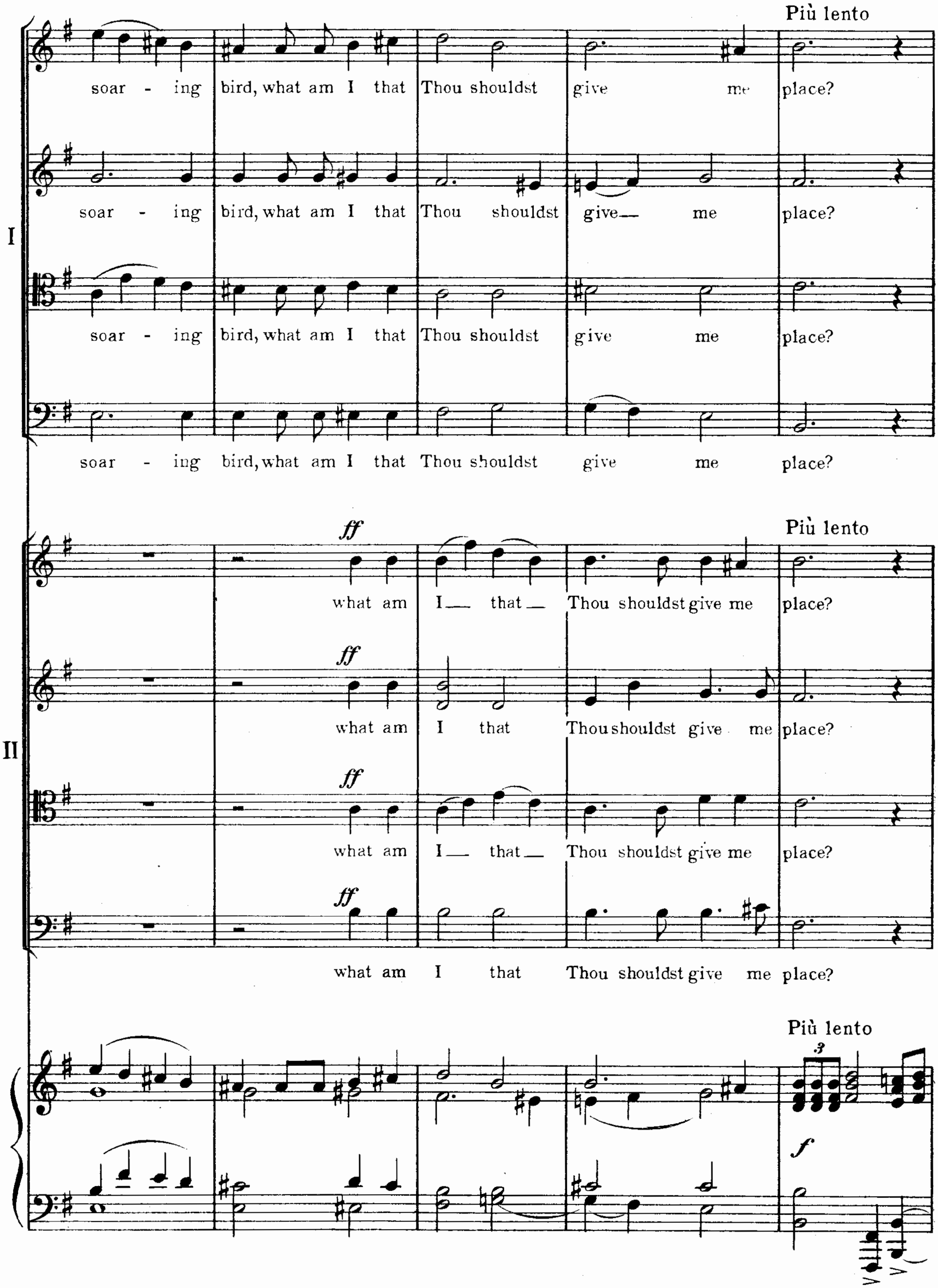

And quick-'ning man from out his dust - - y si-lence.
clay, And quick-'ning man from out his dust - - y si-lence.
clay, And quick-'ning man from out his dust - - y si-lence.
And quick-'ning man from out his dust-y si-lence.
Poco con moto
Thou float - est flakes of
Poco con moto
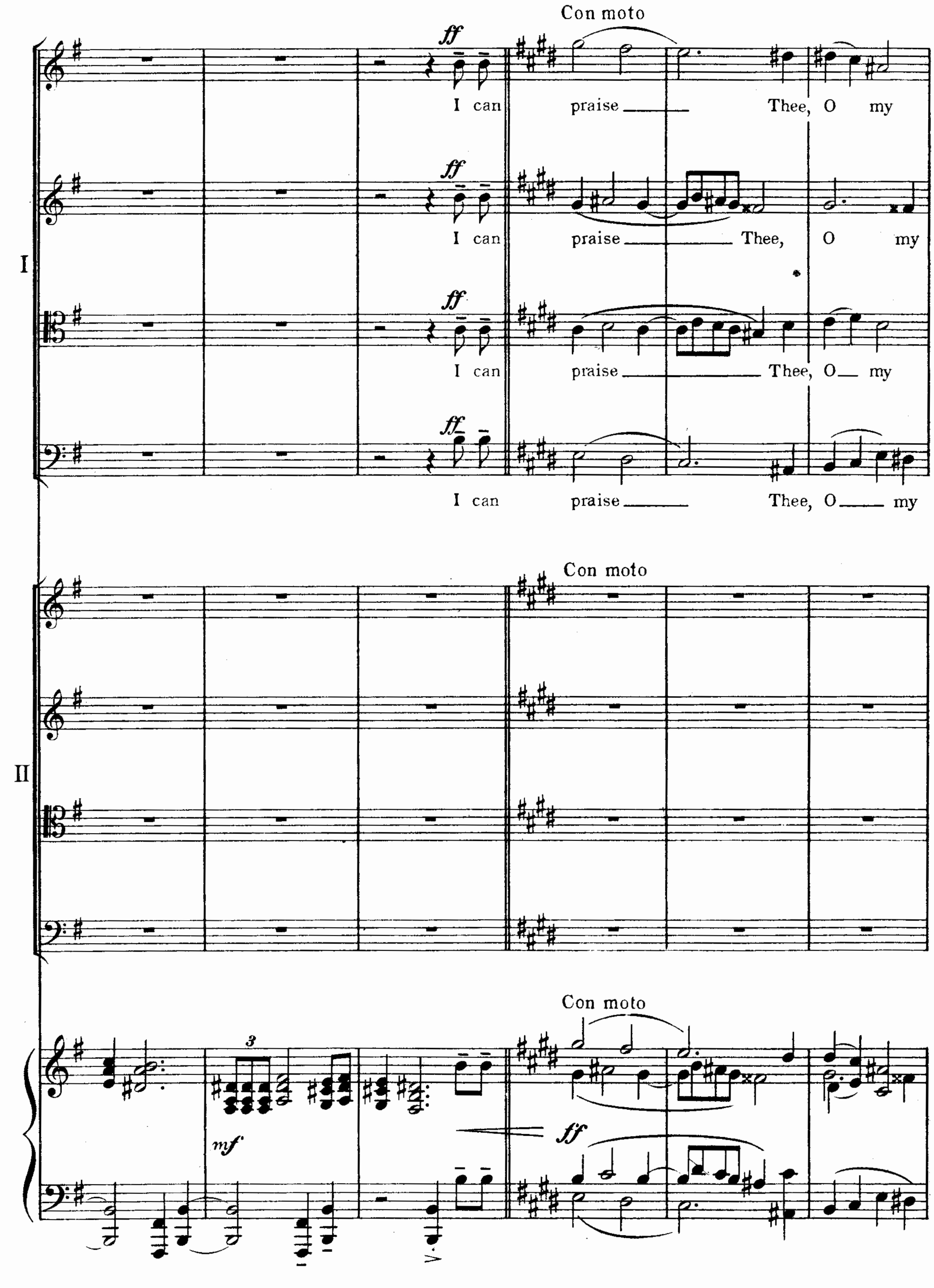

p
and, breath - ing on them, Wing - est them to
col - or in the air,
life:
p
Thou call - est forth the dazed le -
p
Thou call - est forth the dazed le -
vi - a - than up from the wa - ter - y reach - es,
p
And
vi - a - than up from the wa - ter - y reach - es,
p
And
p
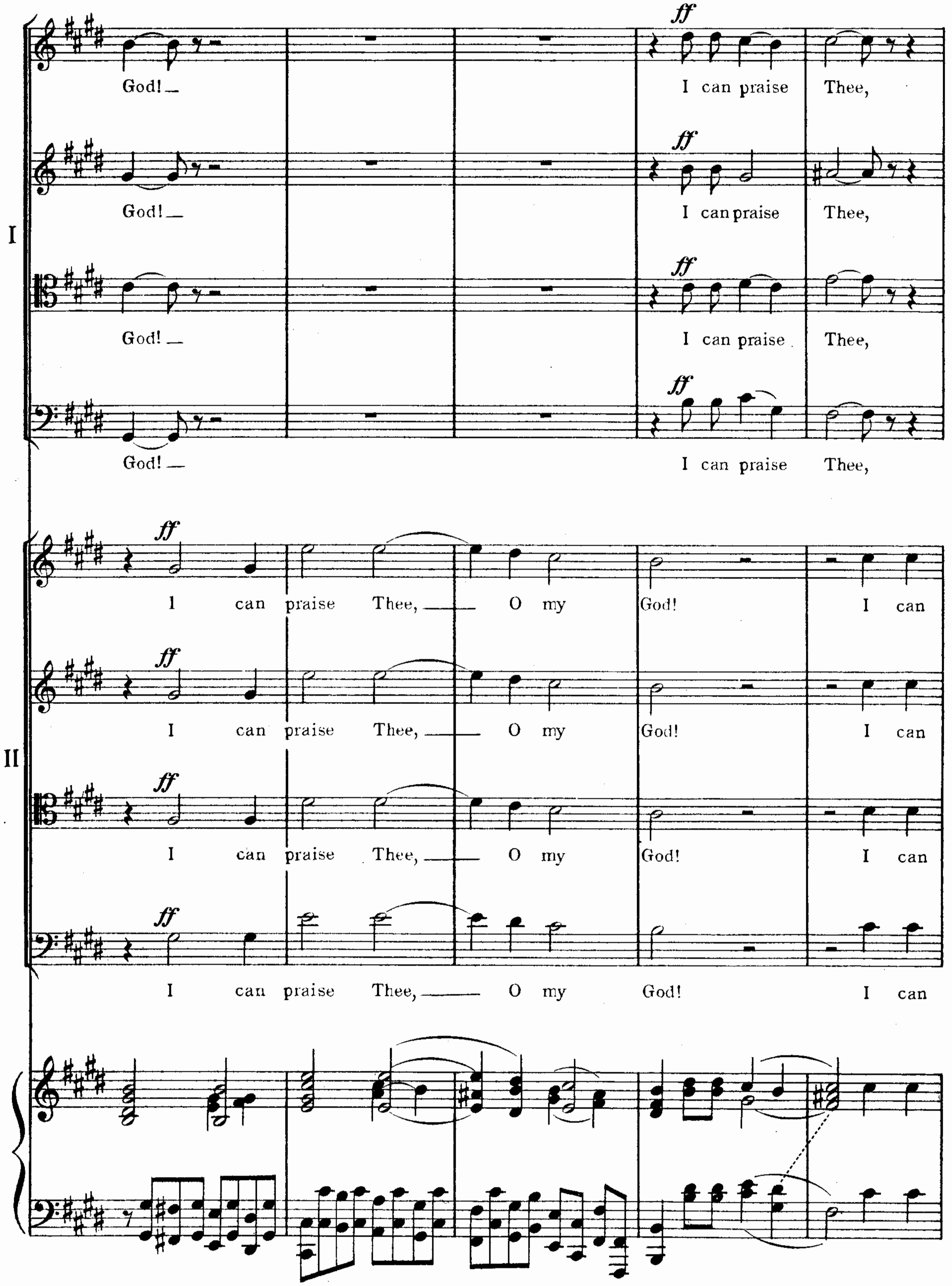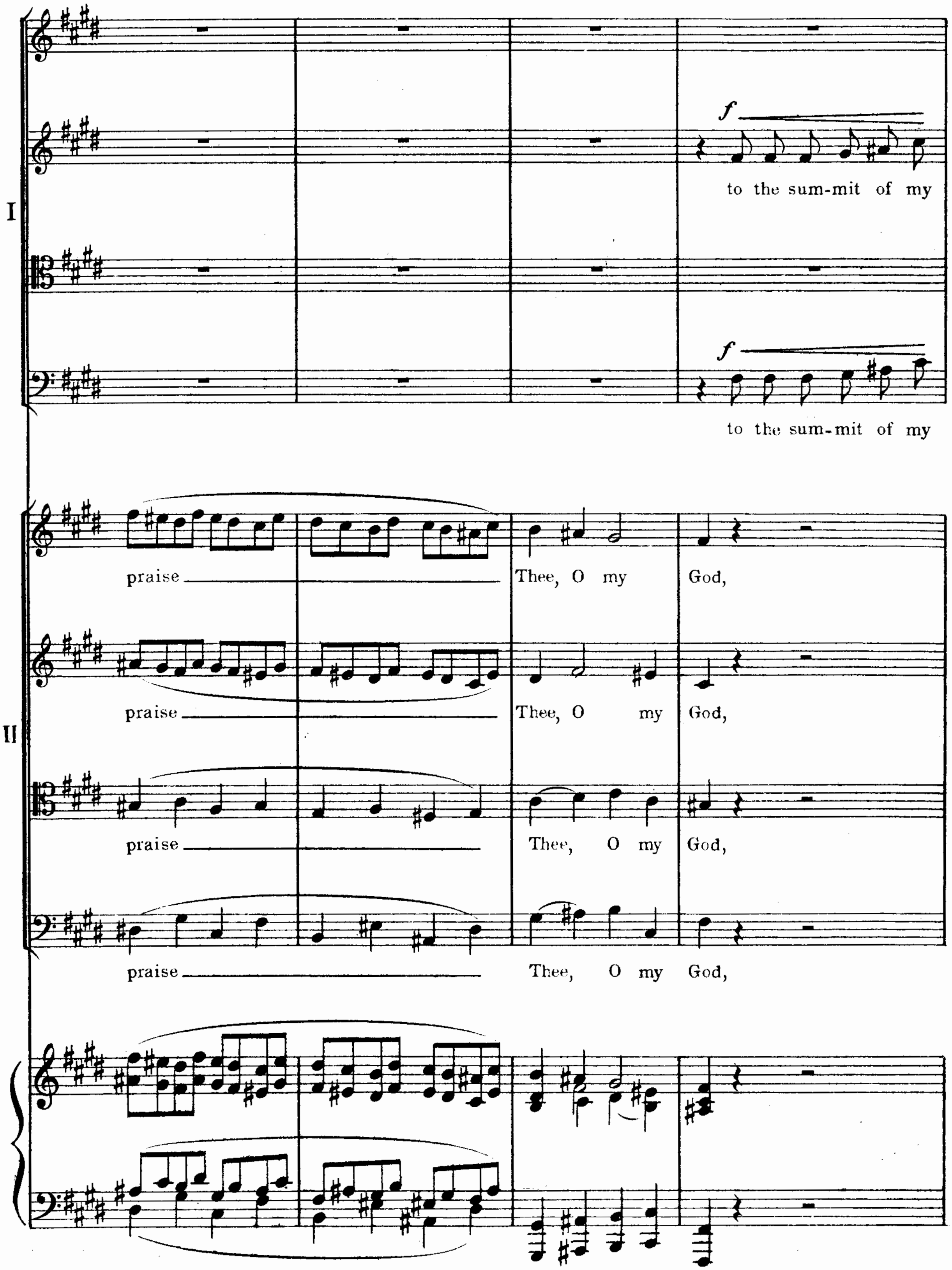


*If a Solo Chorus of at least 12 sopranos, 10 altos, 8 tenors and 8 basses is available this Solo Chorus could sing the part of the Second Chorus whenever this Chorus is divided.
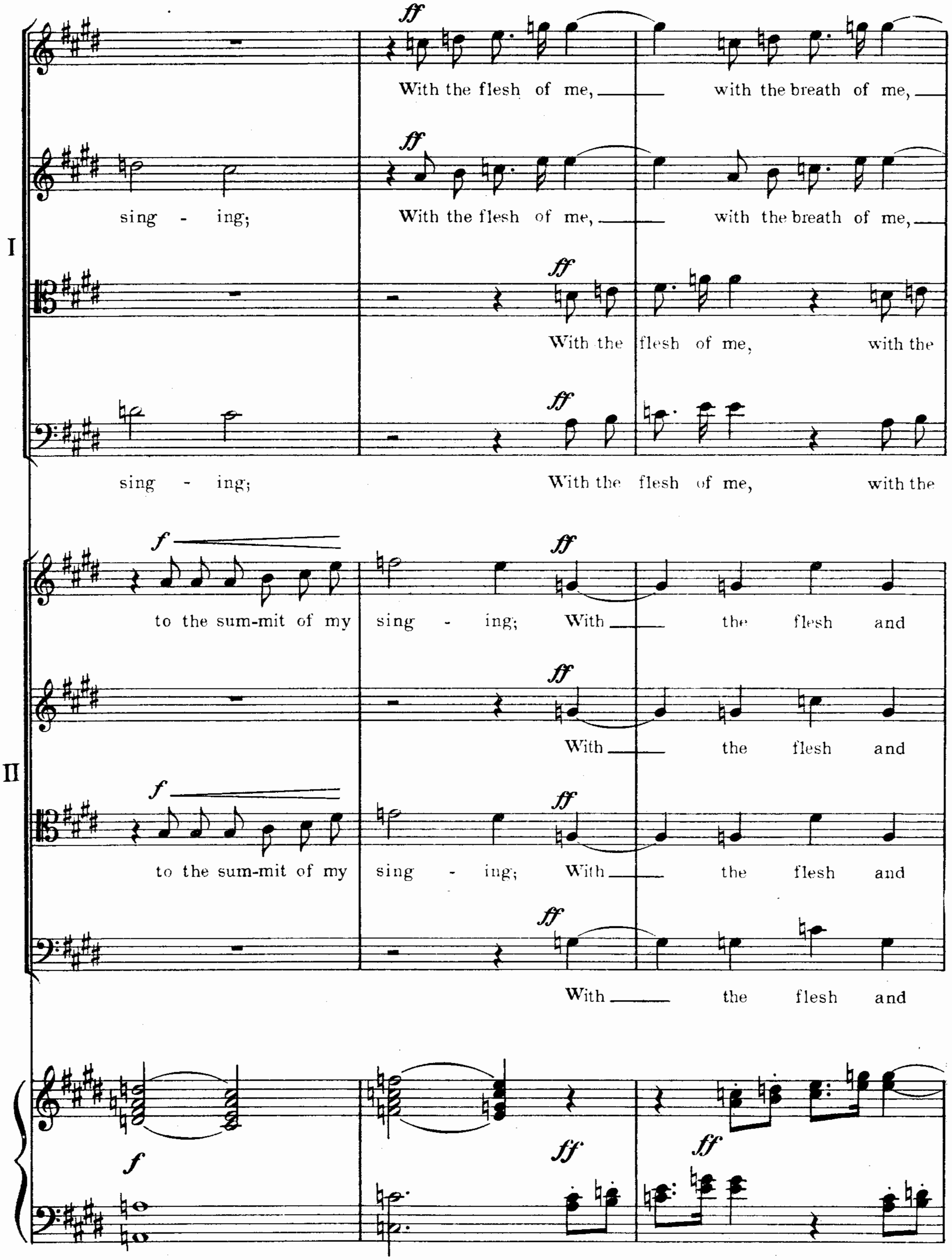

CHORUS I
I
me? Be-side a moun - tain or a
me? Be-side a moun - tain or a
me? Be-side a moun - tain or a
me? Be-side a moun - tain or a
CHORUS II
II
me? Be-side a moun-tain,
me? Be-side a moun-tain,
me? Be-side a moun-tain,
me? Be-side a moun-tain,
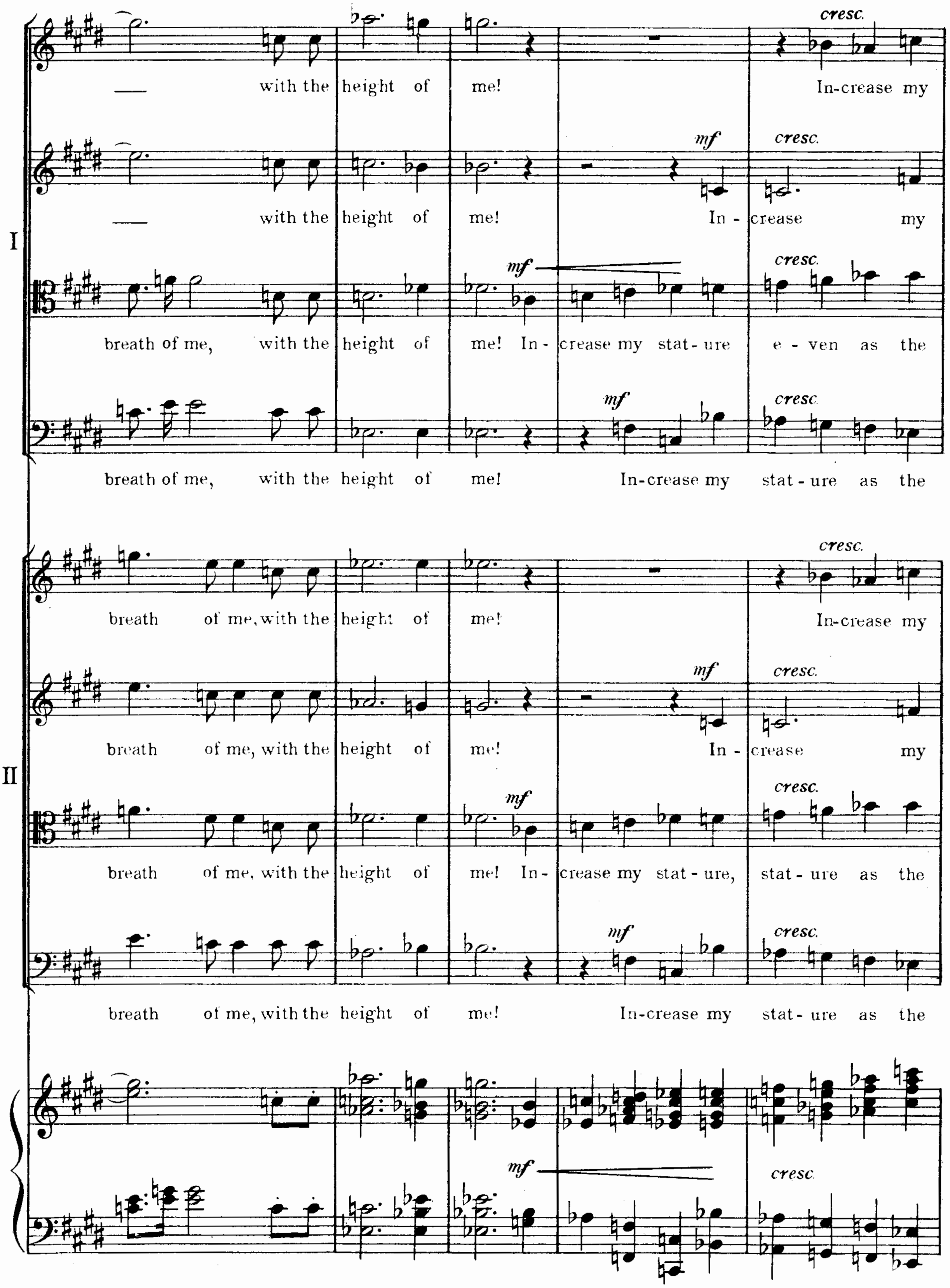

Più lento
soar - ing bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
soar - ing bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give— me place?
I
soar - ing bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
soar - ing bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
ff
Più lento
what am I— that— Thou shouldst give me place?
what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
II
what am I— that— Thou shouldst give me place?
what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
Più lento
f
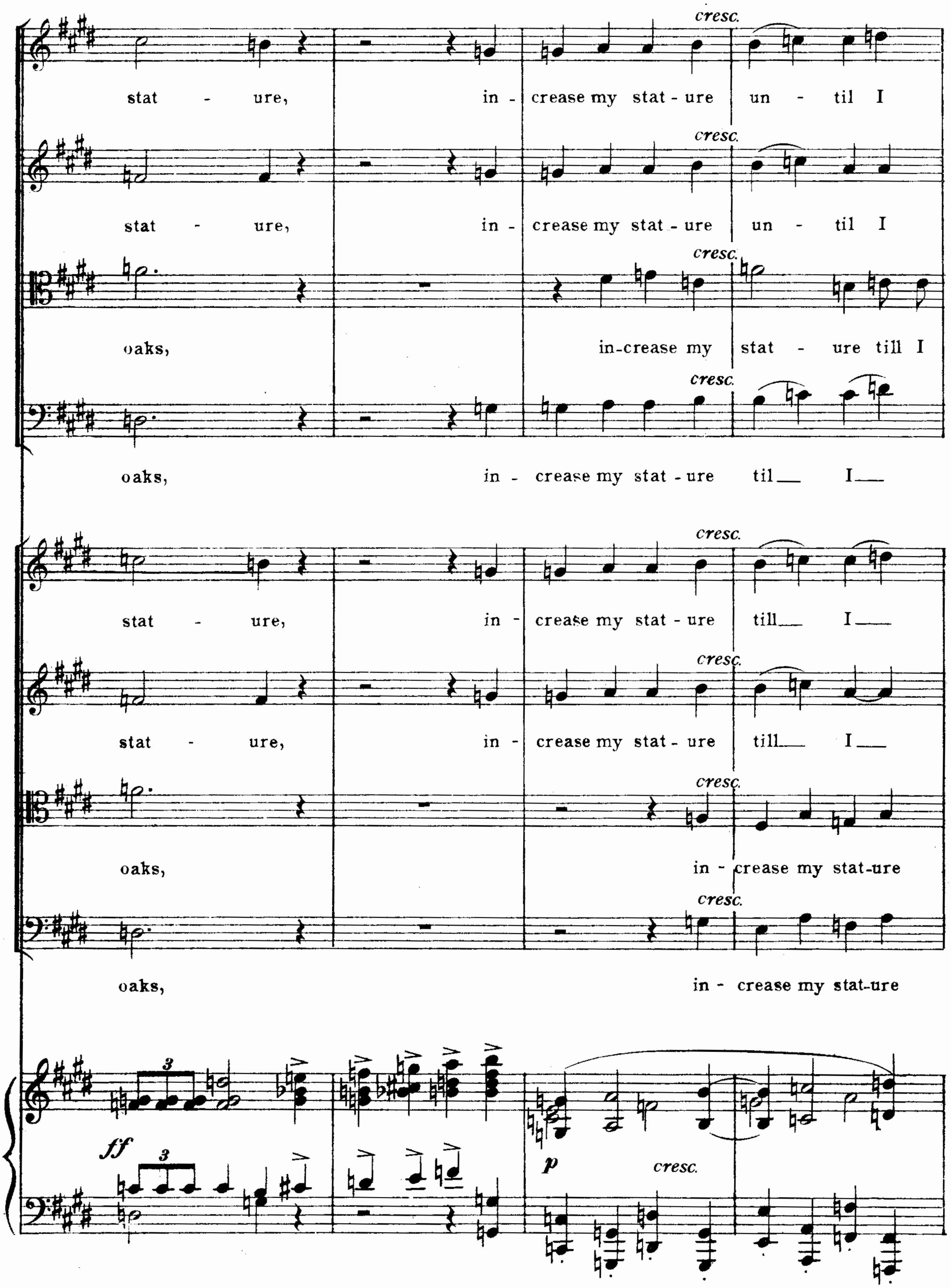

Con moto
ff
I can praise Thee, O my
ff
I can praise Thee, O my
I
ff
I can praise Thee, O my
ff
I can praise Thee, O my
Con moto
II
Con moto
3
mf
ff
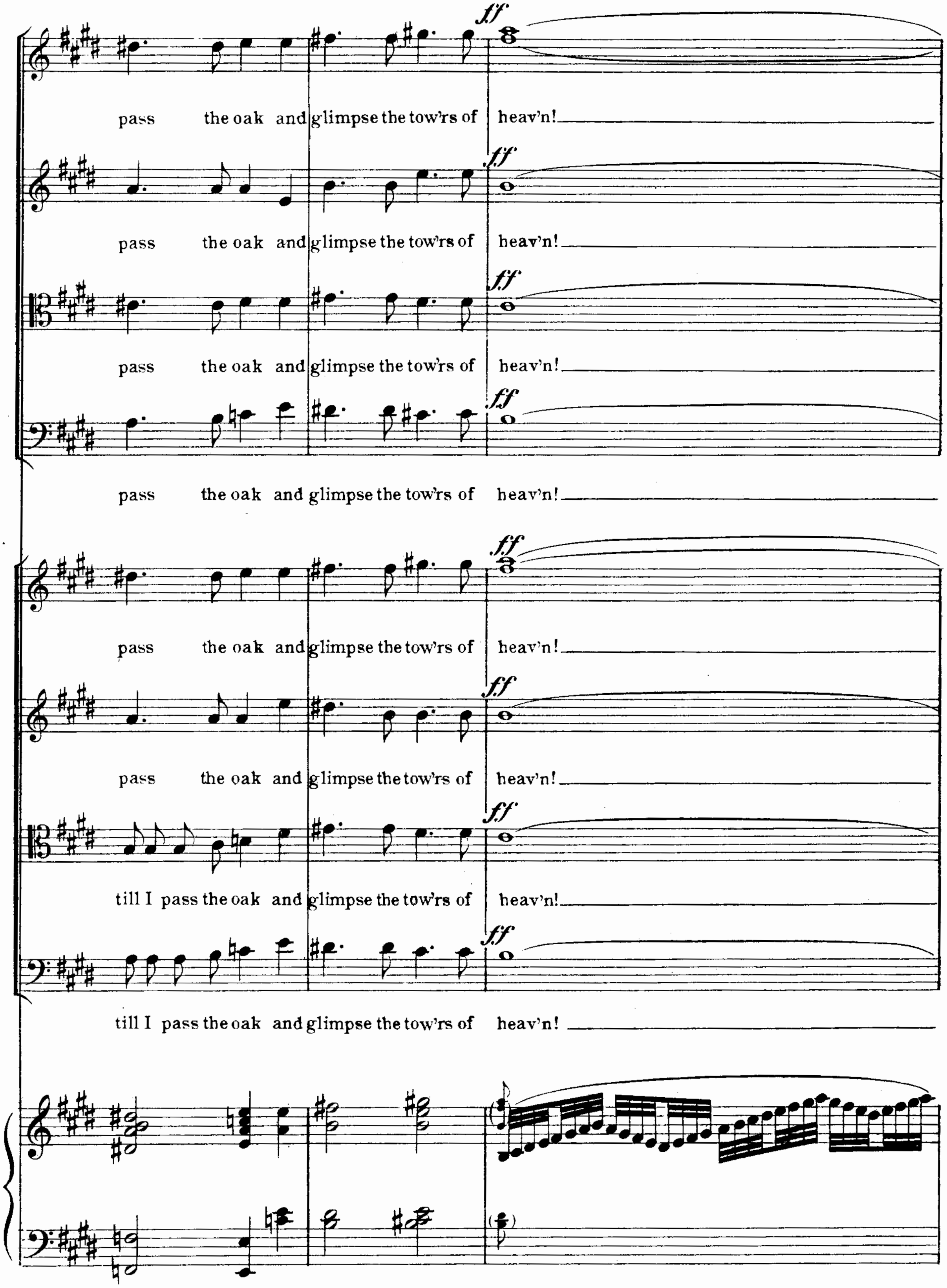

ff
God!
I can praise Thee,
I
II
I can praise Thee, O my God!
I can
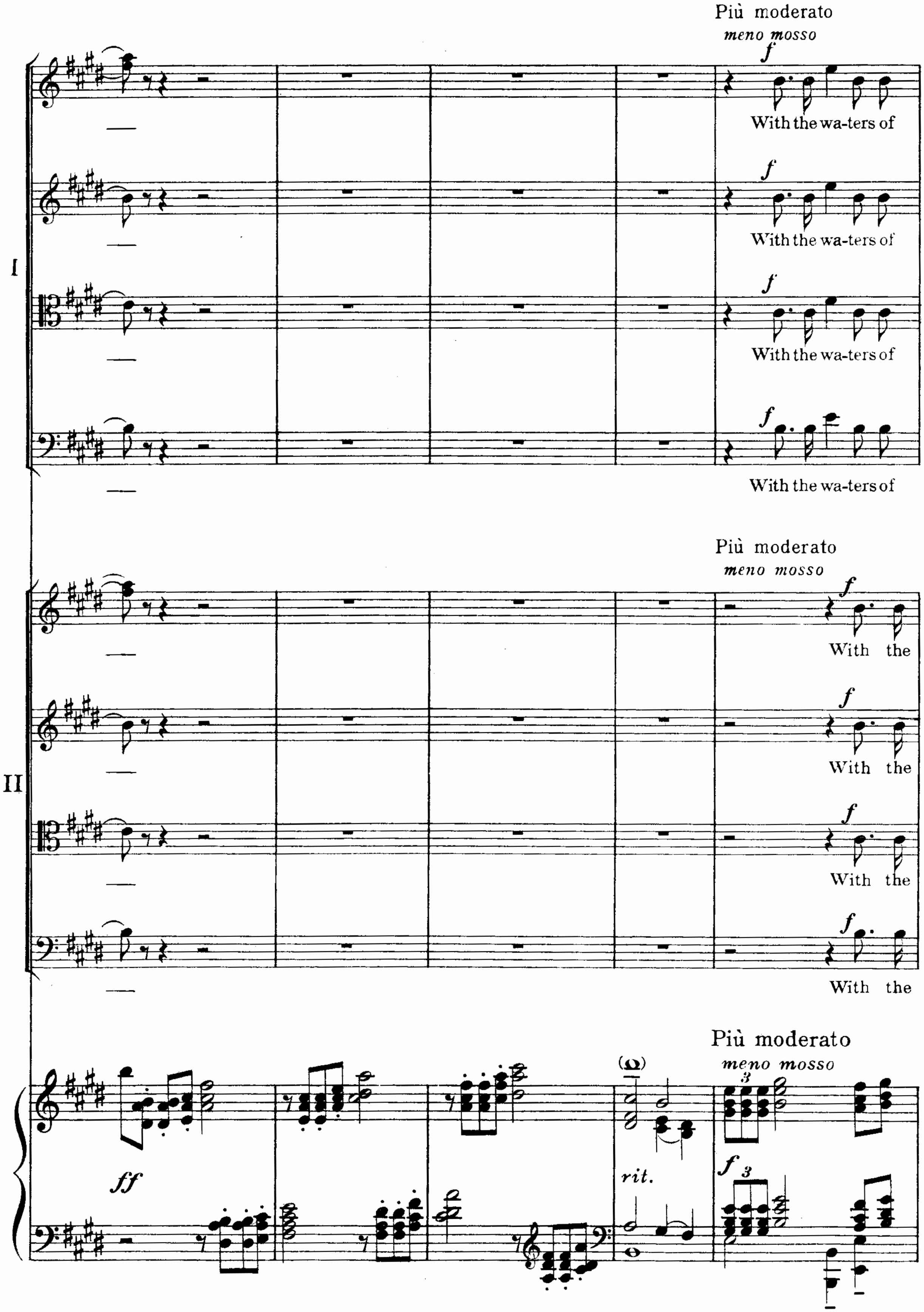

I
II
f
to the sum-mit of my
praise
Thee, O my
God,
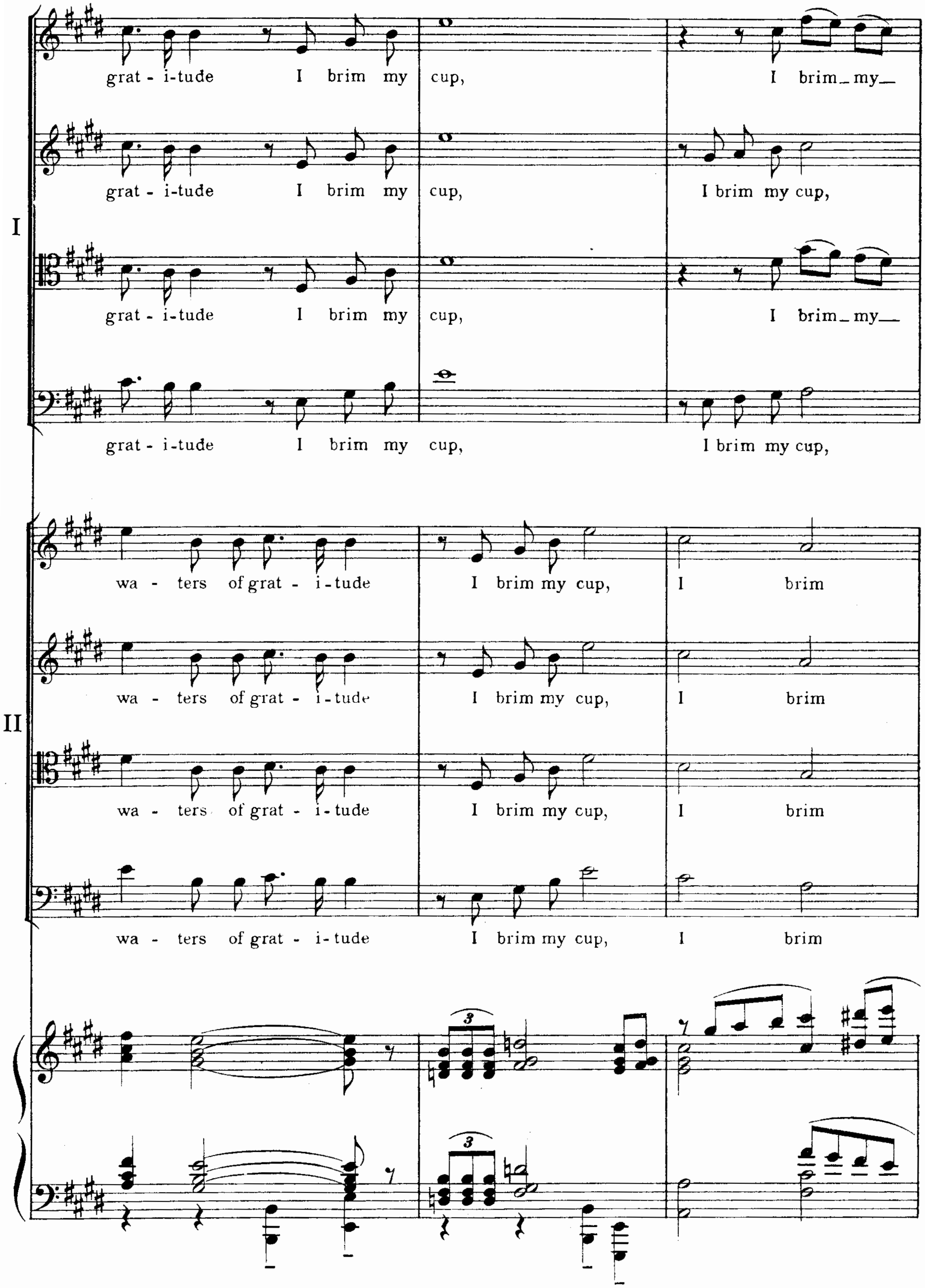

ff
With the flesh of me, with the breath of me,
sing - ing; With the flesh of me, with the breath of me,
I
With the flesh of me, with the
sing - ing; With the flesh of me, with the
f
to the sum-mit of my sing - ing; With the flesh and
With the flesh and
II
to the sum-mit of my sing - ing; With the flesh and
With the flesh and
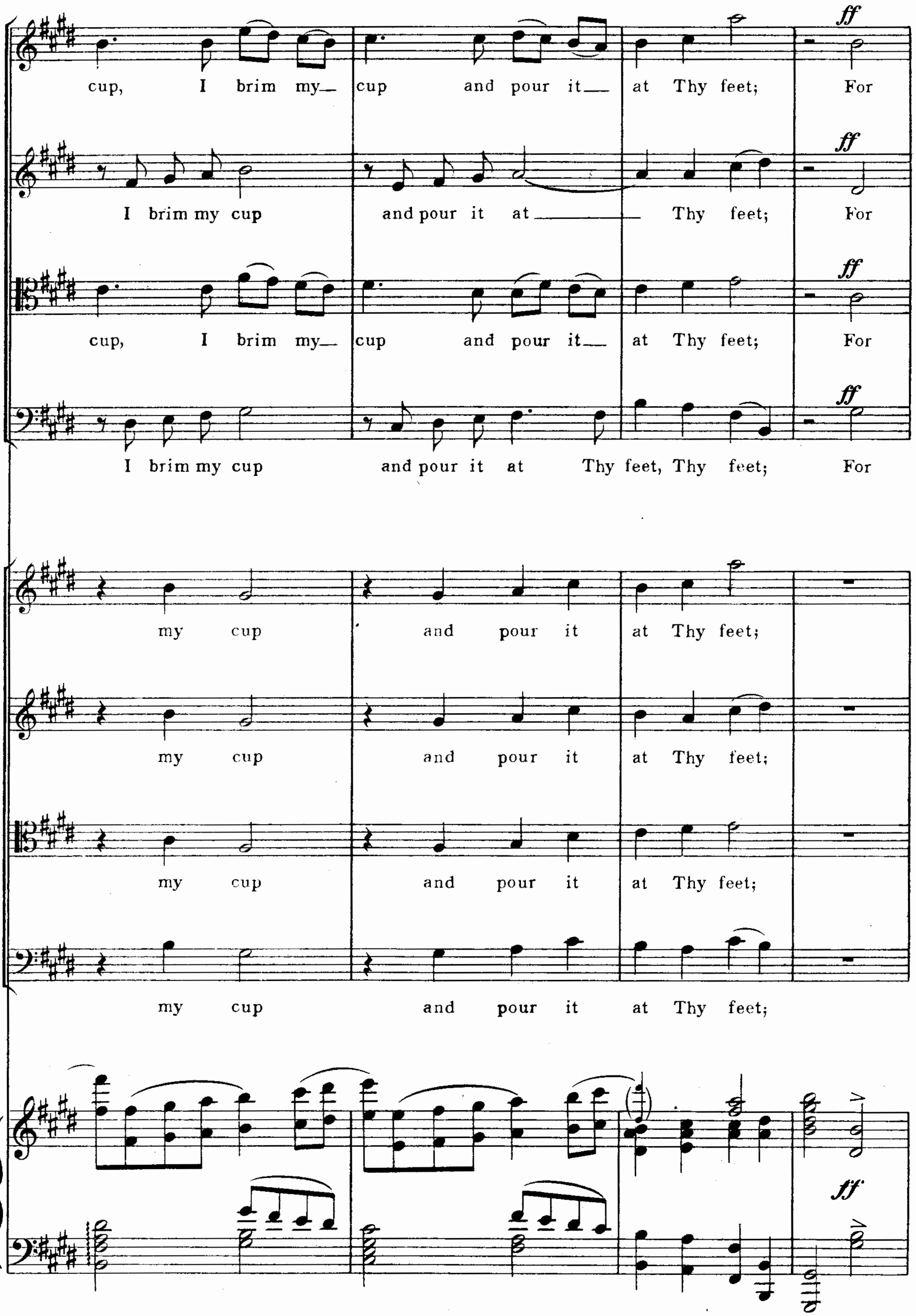

I
II
cresc.
mf
with the height of me! In-crease my
with the height of me! In - crease my
breath of me, with the height of me! In - crease my stat - ure e - ven as the
breath of me, with the height of me! In-crease my stat - ure as the
breath of me, with the height of me! In-crease my
breath of me, with the height of me! In - crease my
breath of me, with the height of me! In - crease my stat - ure, stat - ure as the
breath of me, with the height of me! In-crease my stat - ure as the
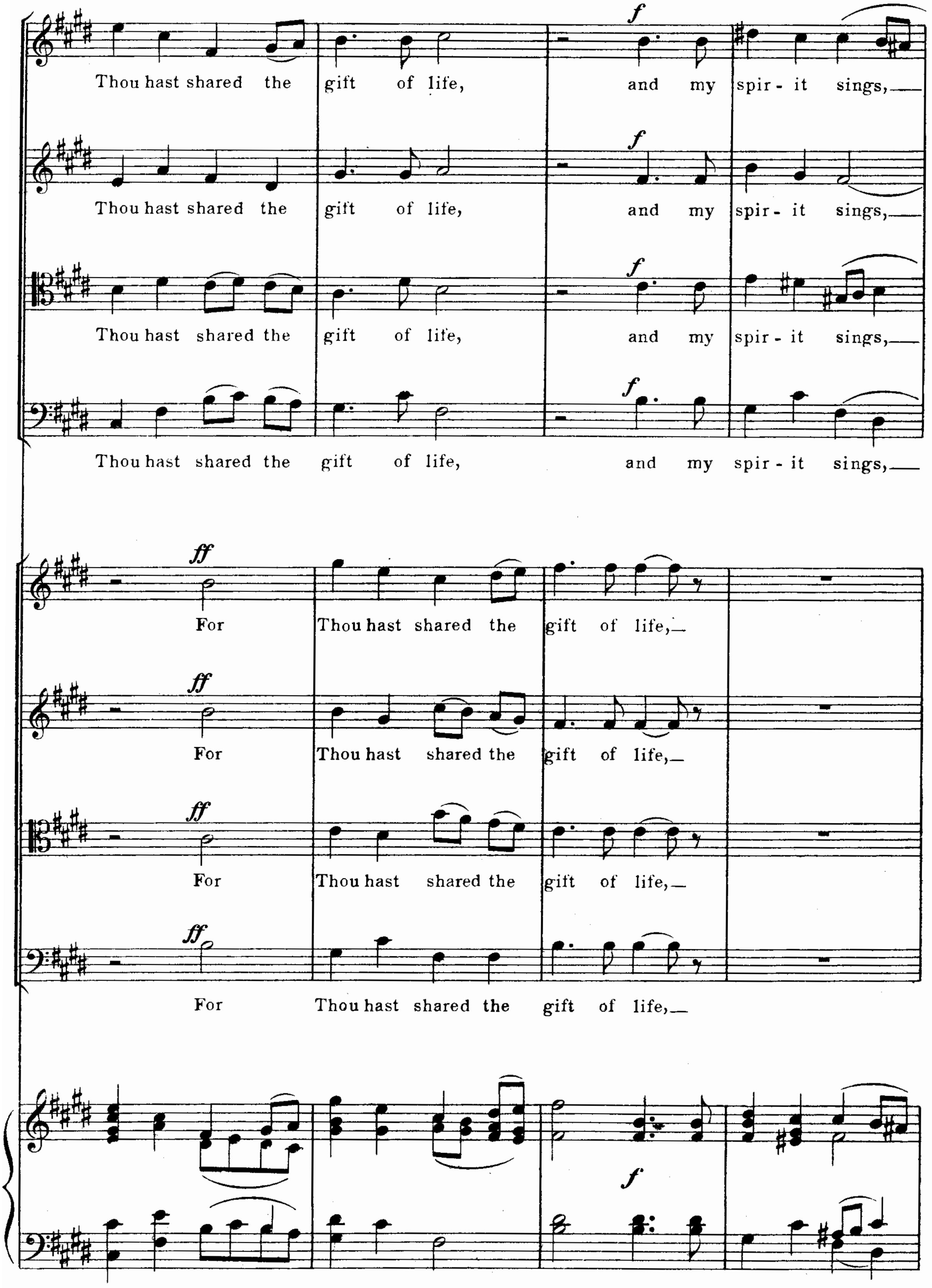

cresc.
stat - ure, in - crease my stat - ure un - til I
cresc.
stat - ure, in - crease my stat - ure un - til I
cresc.
oaks, in-crease my stat - ure till I
cresc.
oaks, in - crease my stat - ure til I
cresc.
stat - ure, in - crease my stat - ure till I
cresc.
stat - ure, in - crease my stat - ure till I
cresc.
oaks, in - crease my stat-ure
cresc.
oaks, in - crease my stat-ure
ff
p
cresc.
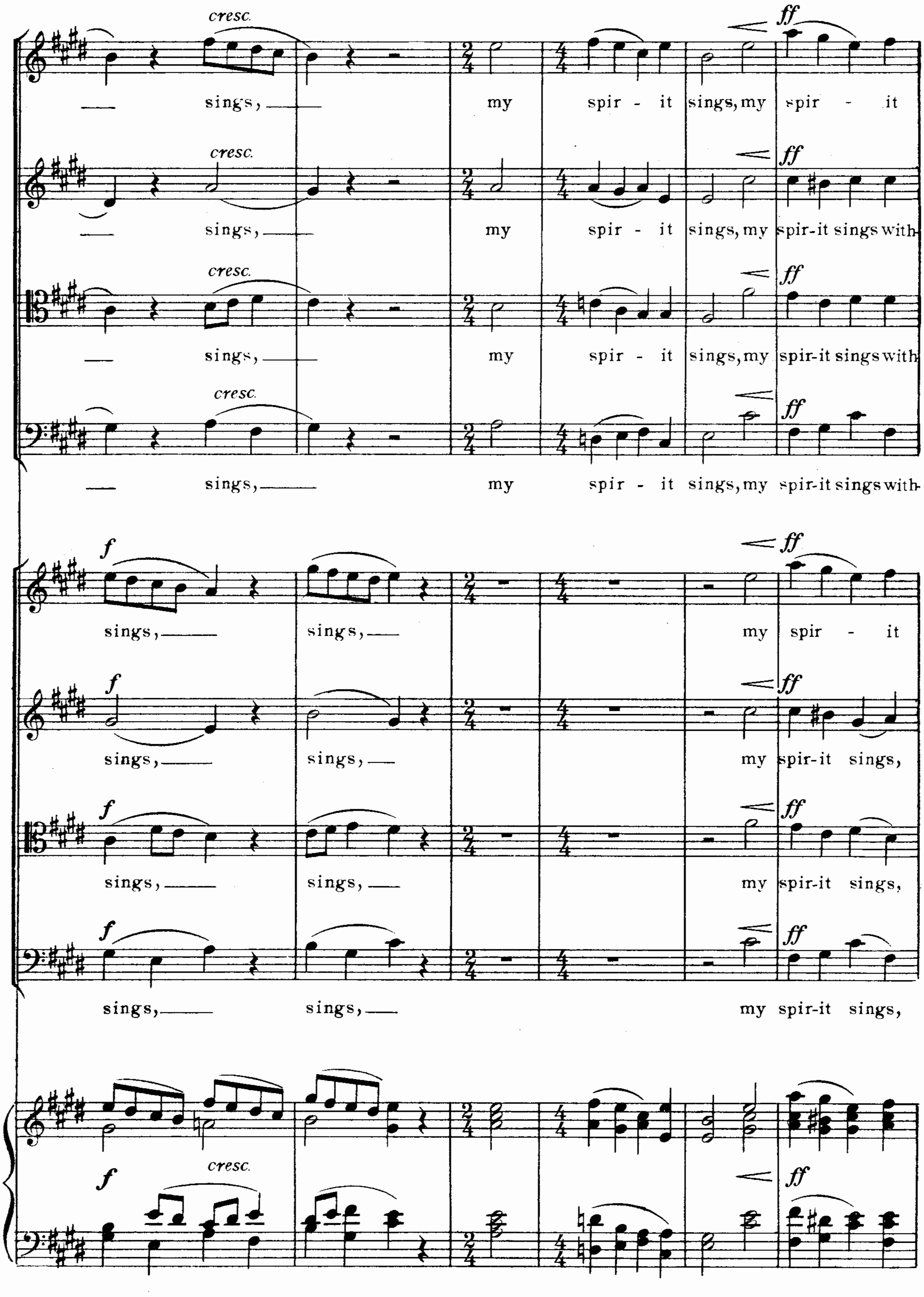

ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
till I pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!
ff
till I pass the oak and glimpse the tow'rs of heav'n!

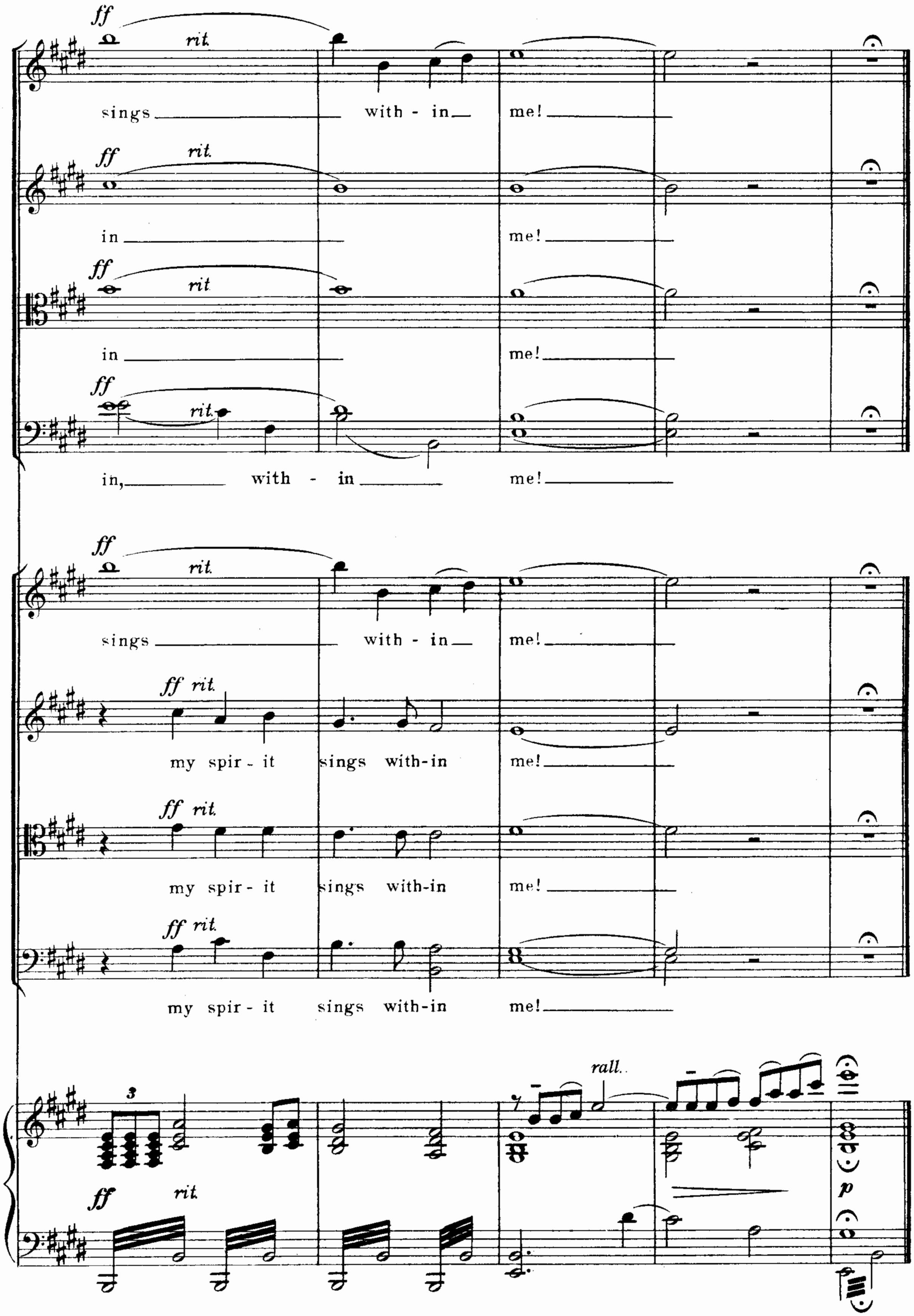

Più moderato
meno mosso
With the wa-ters of
With the wa-ters of
With the wa-ters of
With the wa-ters of
I
Più moderato
meno mosso
With the
With the
With the
With the
II
Più moderato
meno mosso
ff
rit.


I
grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim _ my _
grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim my cup,
grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim _ my _
grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim my cup,
II
wa - ters of grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim
wa - ters of grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim
wa - ters of grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim
wa - ters of grat - i-tude I brim my cup, I brim


ff
cup, I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet; For
I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet; For
cup, I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet; For
I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet, Thy feet; For
my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
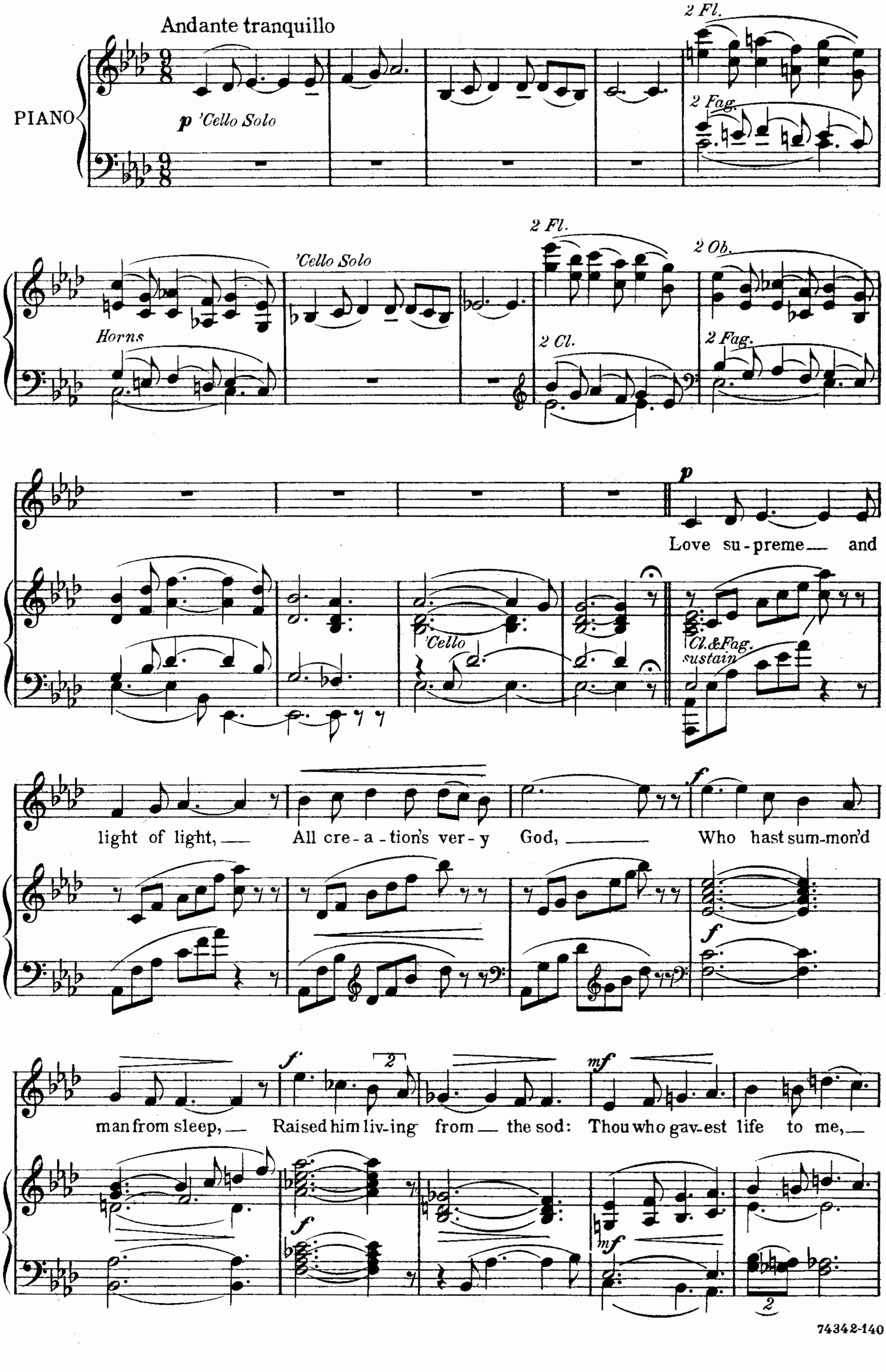

f
Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spir - it sings,
f
Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spir - it sings,
f
Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spir - it sings,
f
Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spir - it sings,
ff
For Thou hast shared the gift of life,
ff
For Thou hast shared the gift of life,
ff
For Thou hast shared the gift of life,
ff
For Thou hast shared the gift of life,
f
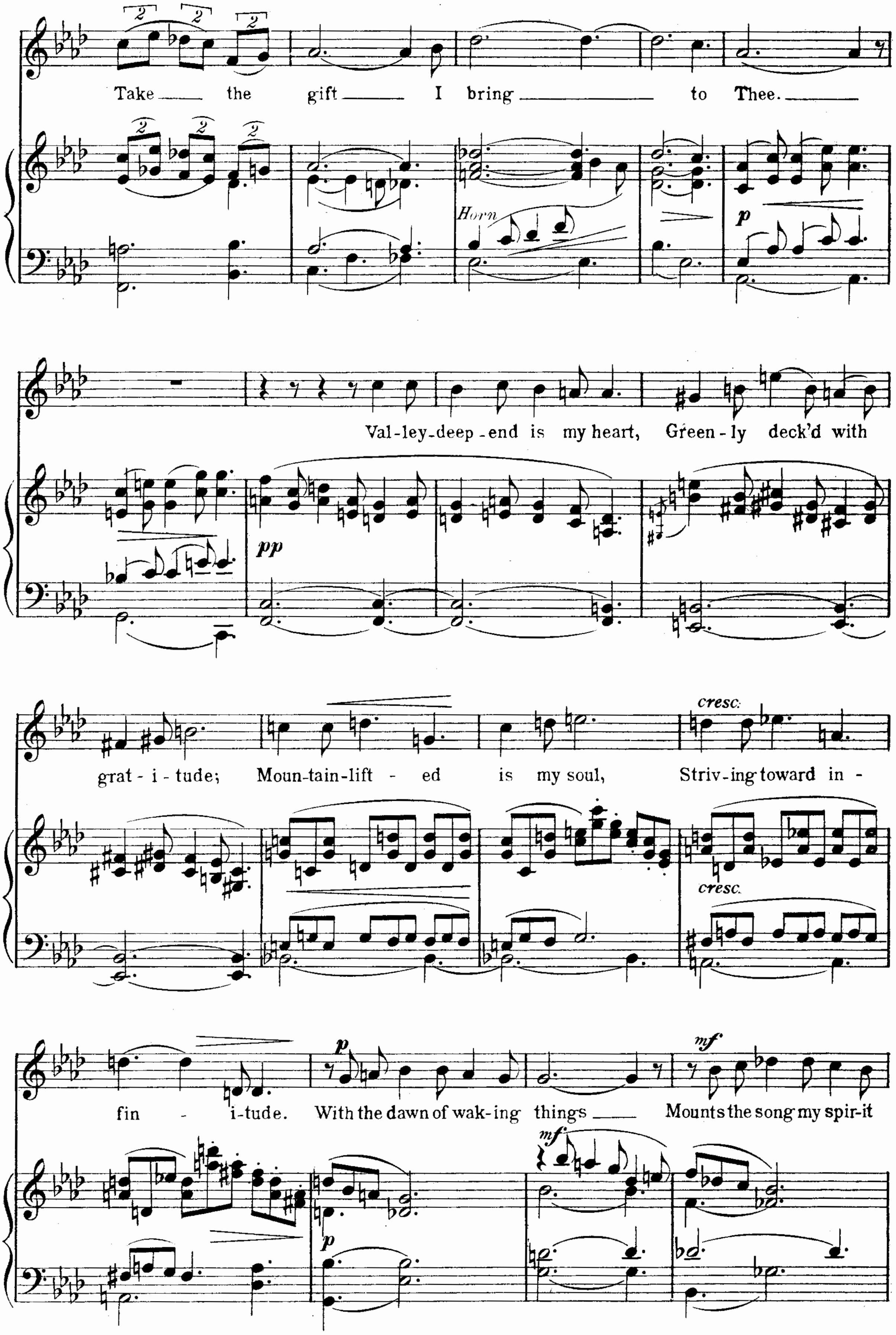

cresc.
ff
— sings, — my spir - it sings, my spir - it
— sings, — my spir - it sings, my spir-it sings with-
— sings, — my spir - it sings, my spir-it sings with-
— sings, — my spir - it sings, my spir-it sings with-
f
sings, — sings, — my spir - it
sings, — sings, — my spir-it sings,
sings, — sings, — my spir-it sings,
sings, — sings, — my spir-it sings,
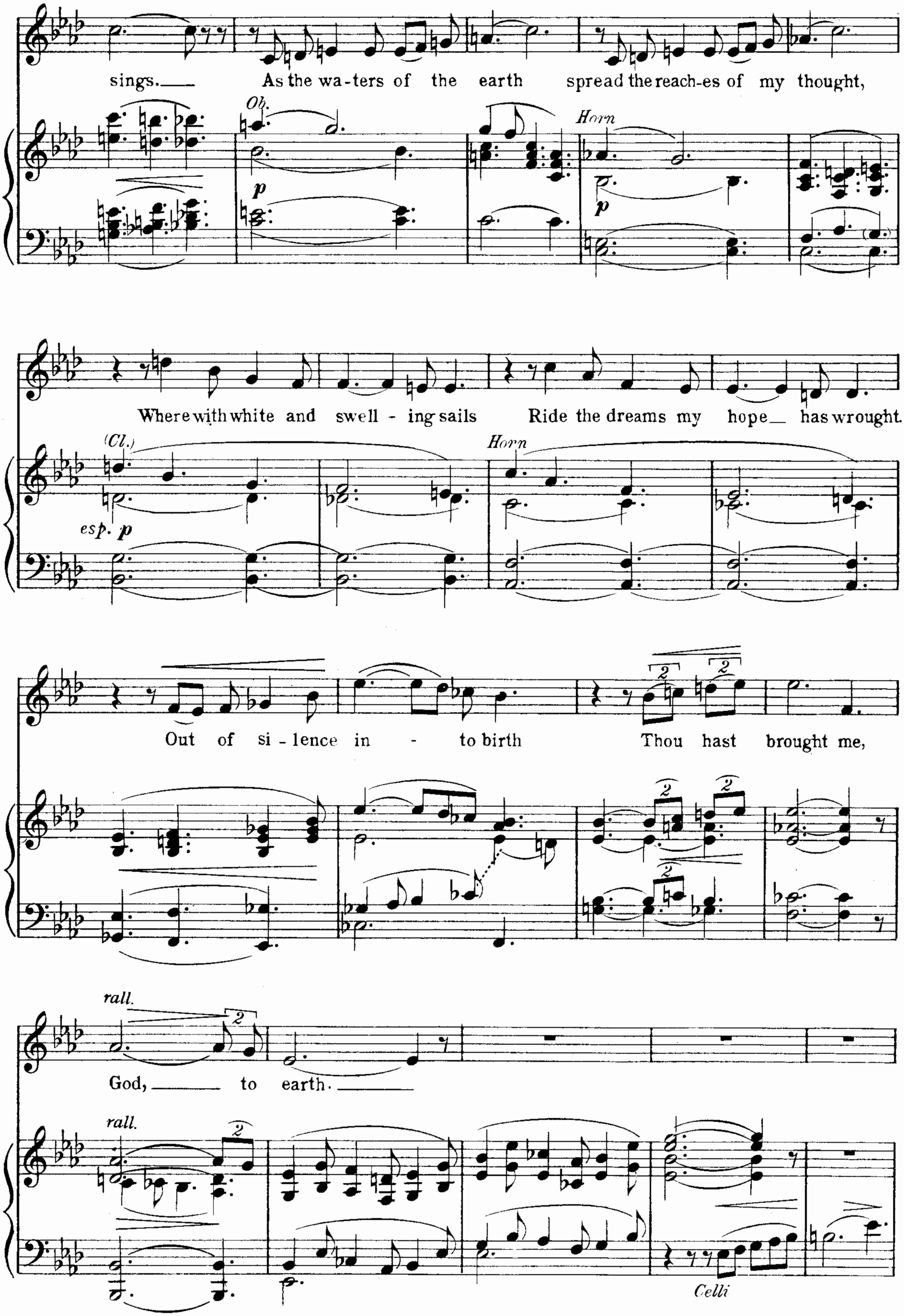

ff
rit.
sings with - in me!
in me!
in me!
in, with - in me!
sings with - in me!
ff rit.
my spir - it sings with-in me!
my spir - it sings with-in me!
my spir - it sings with-in me!
rall..
p
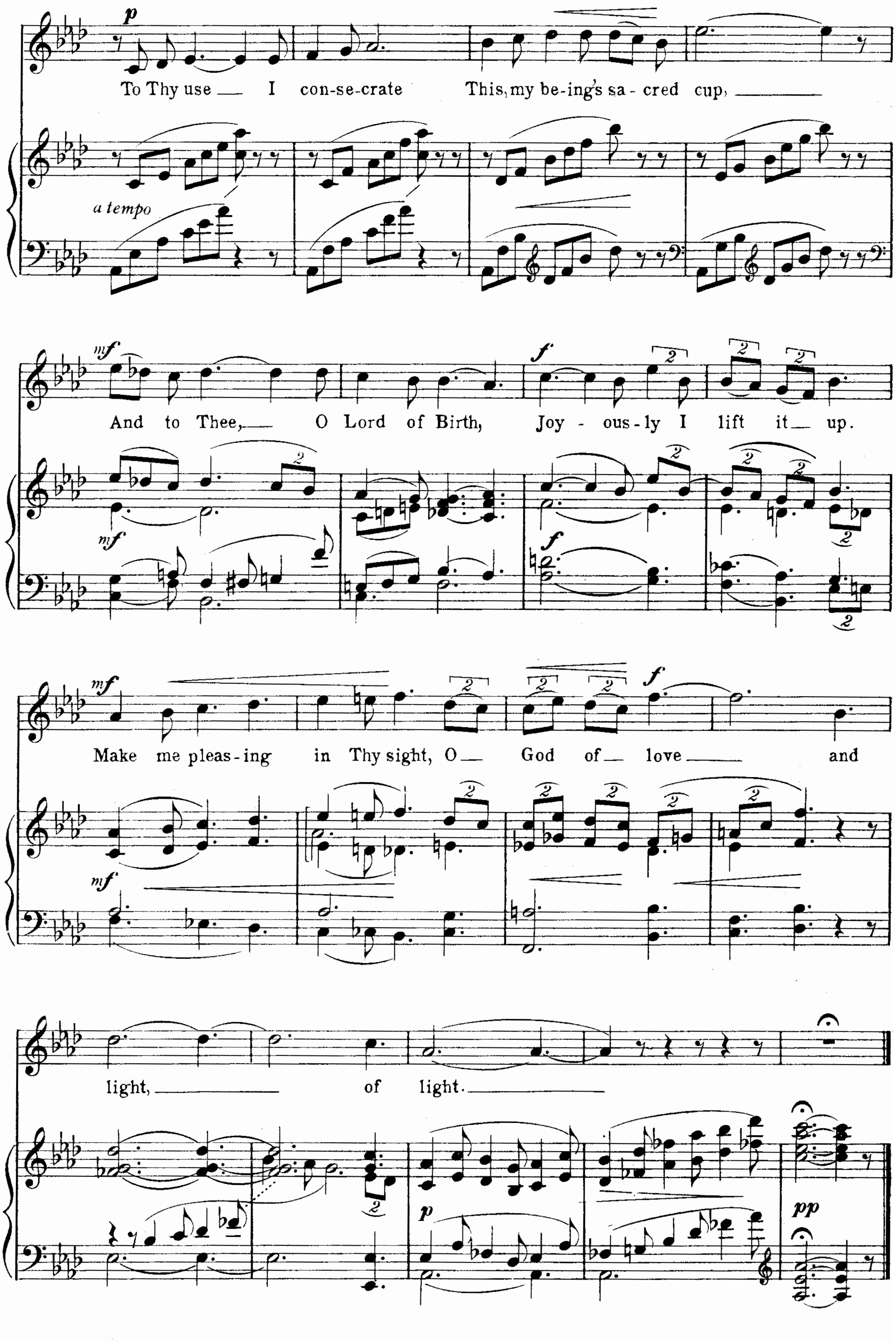
№ 2. LOVE SUPREME AND LIGHT OF LIGHT

Alto Solo




Take the gift I bring to Thee.
Horn
p
Val-ley-deep-end is my heart, Green-ly deck'd with
pp
grat-i-tude; Moun-tain-lift-ed is my soul, Striv-ing toward in-
cresc.
cresc.
fin-i-tude. With the dawn of wak-ing things Mounts the song my spir-it
p
mf
mf
p
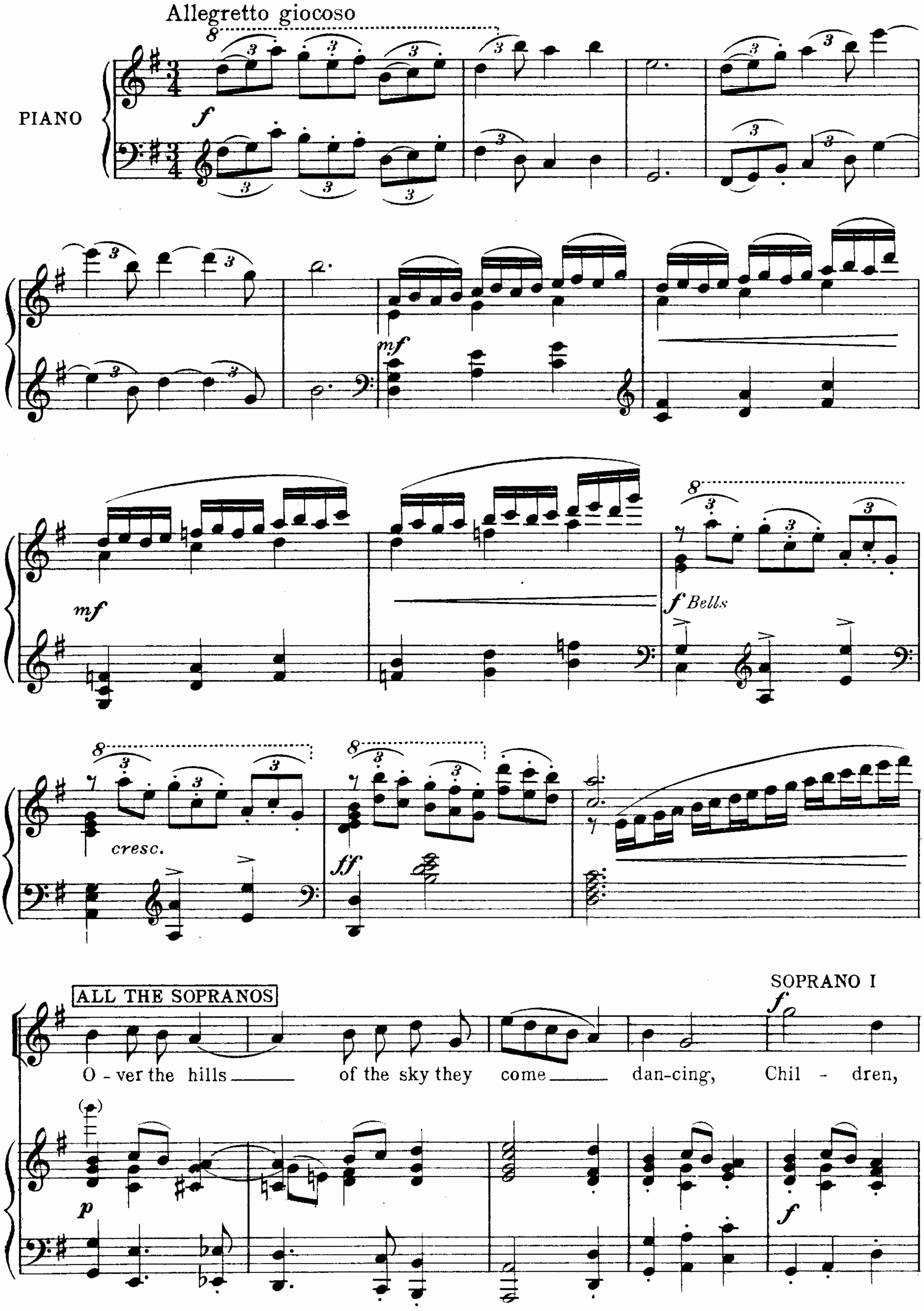

sings. As the wa-ters of the earth spread the reach-es of my thought,
Oh.
Horn
Where with white and swell - ing sails Ride the dreams my hope has wrought.
(Cl.)
esp. p
Horn
Out of si - lence in - to birth Thou hast brought me,
rall.
God, to earth.
rall.
Celli


p
To Thy use I con-se-crate This, my be-ing's sa-cred cup,
a tempo
mf
And to Thee, O Lord of Birth, Joy-ous-ly I lift it up.
f
mf
Make me pleas-ing in Thy sight, O God of love and
f
light, of light.
p
pp
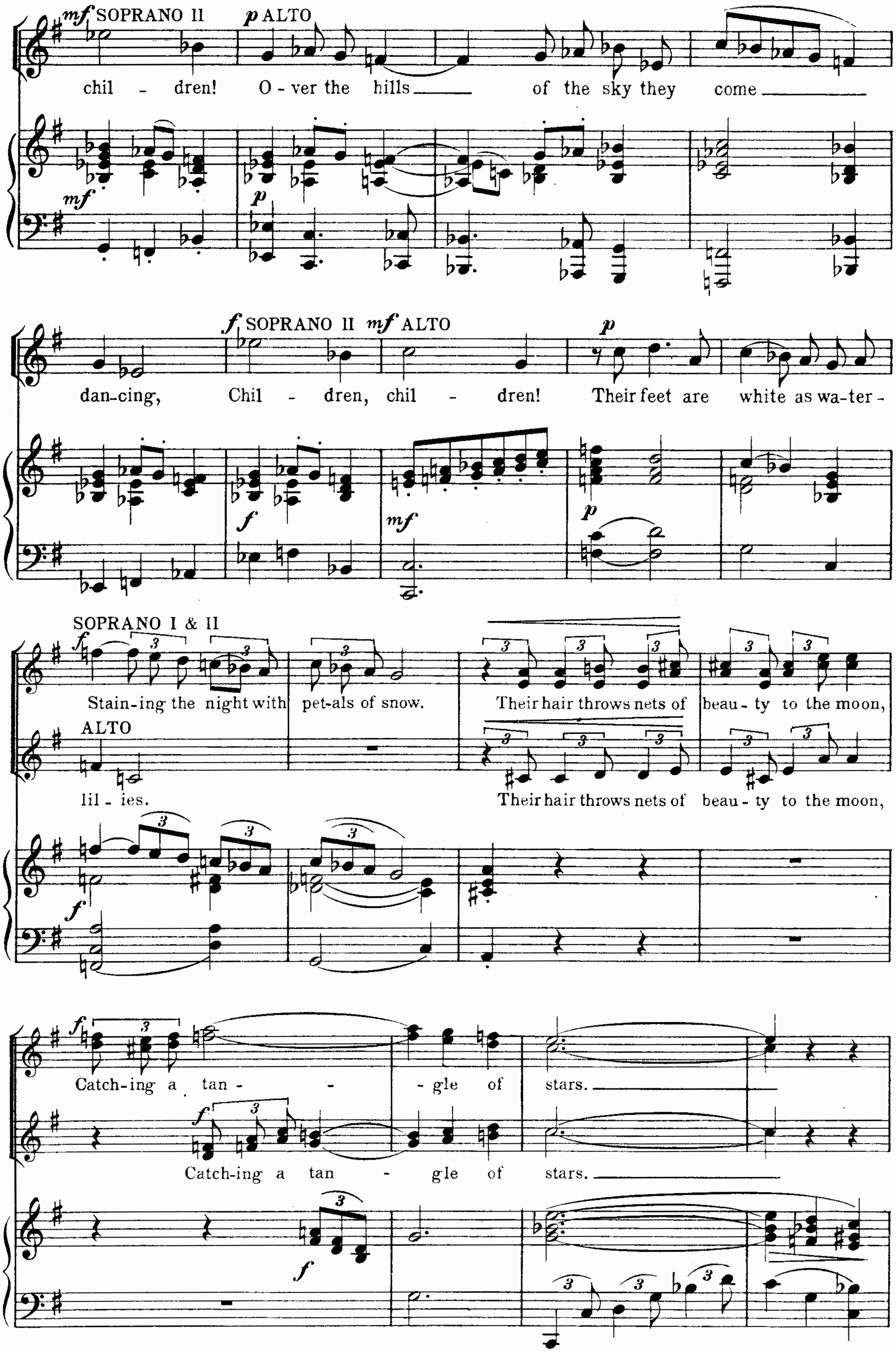
Interlude (Scherzo)
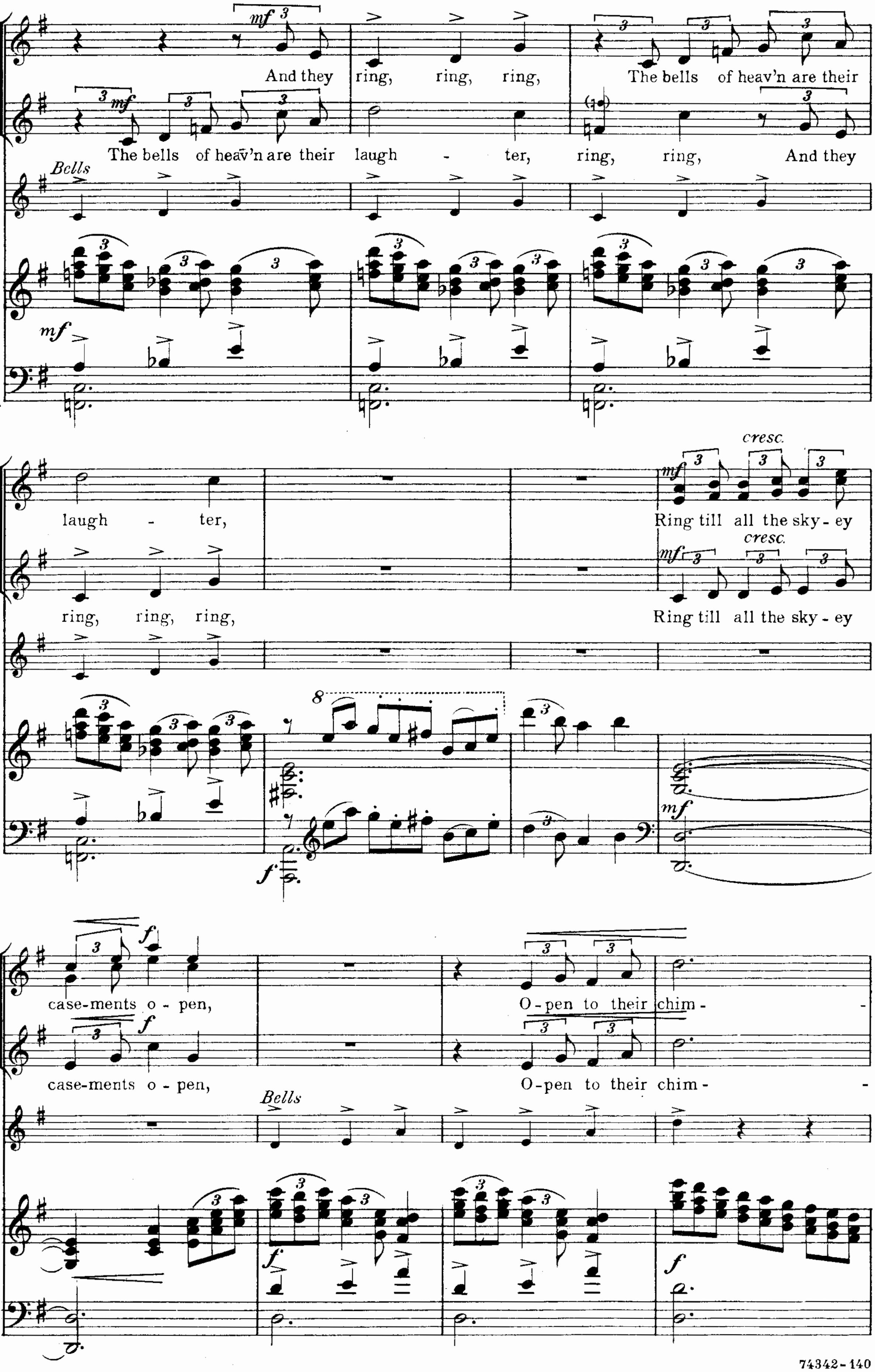
Nº 3. OVER THE HILLS OF THE SKY THEY COME DANCING
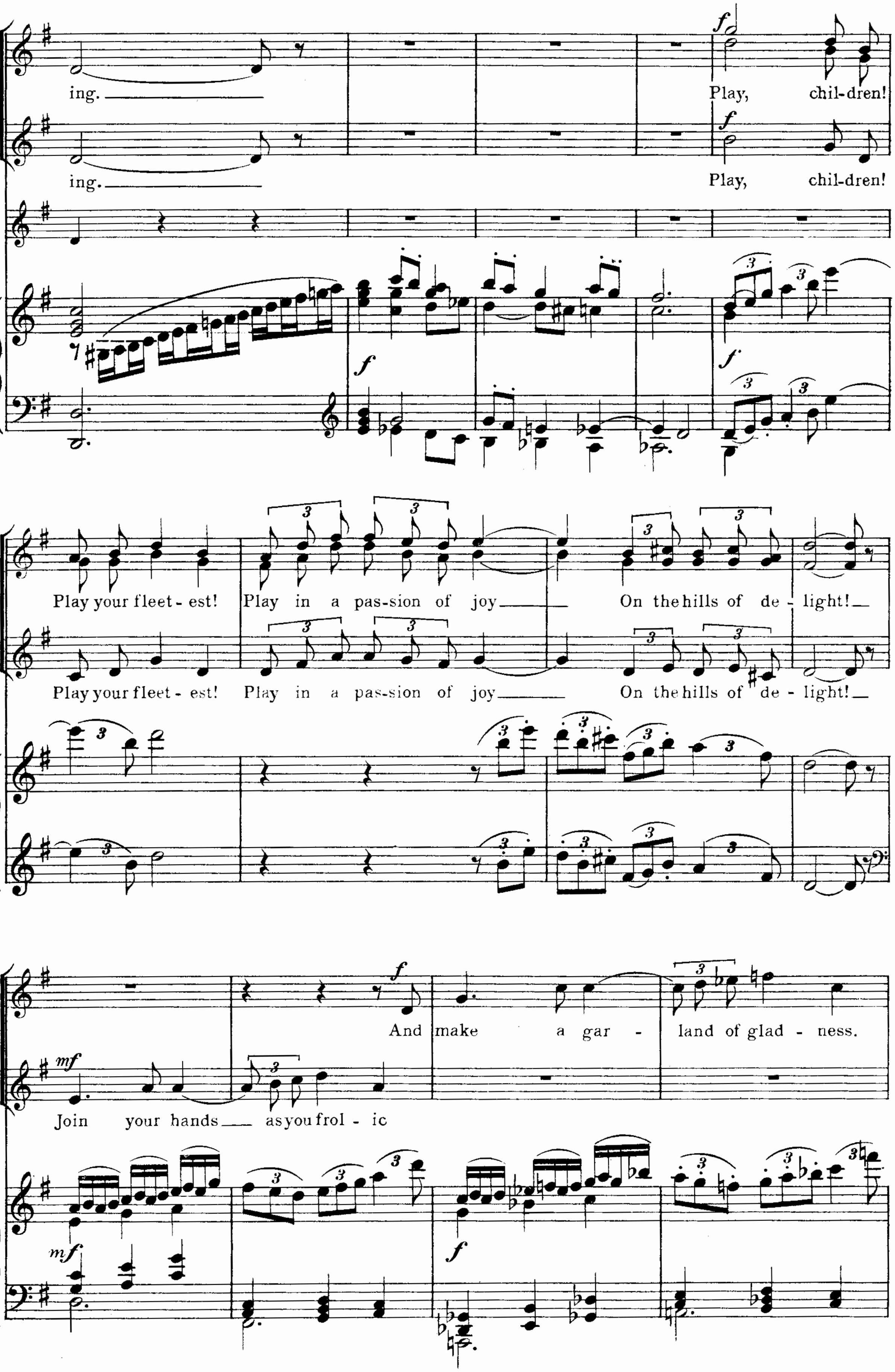
Chorus of Children's Voices
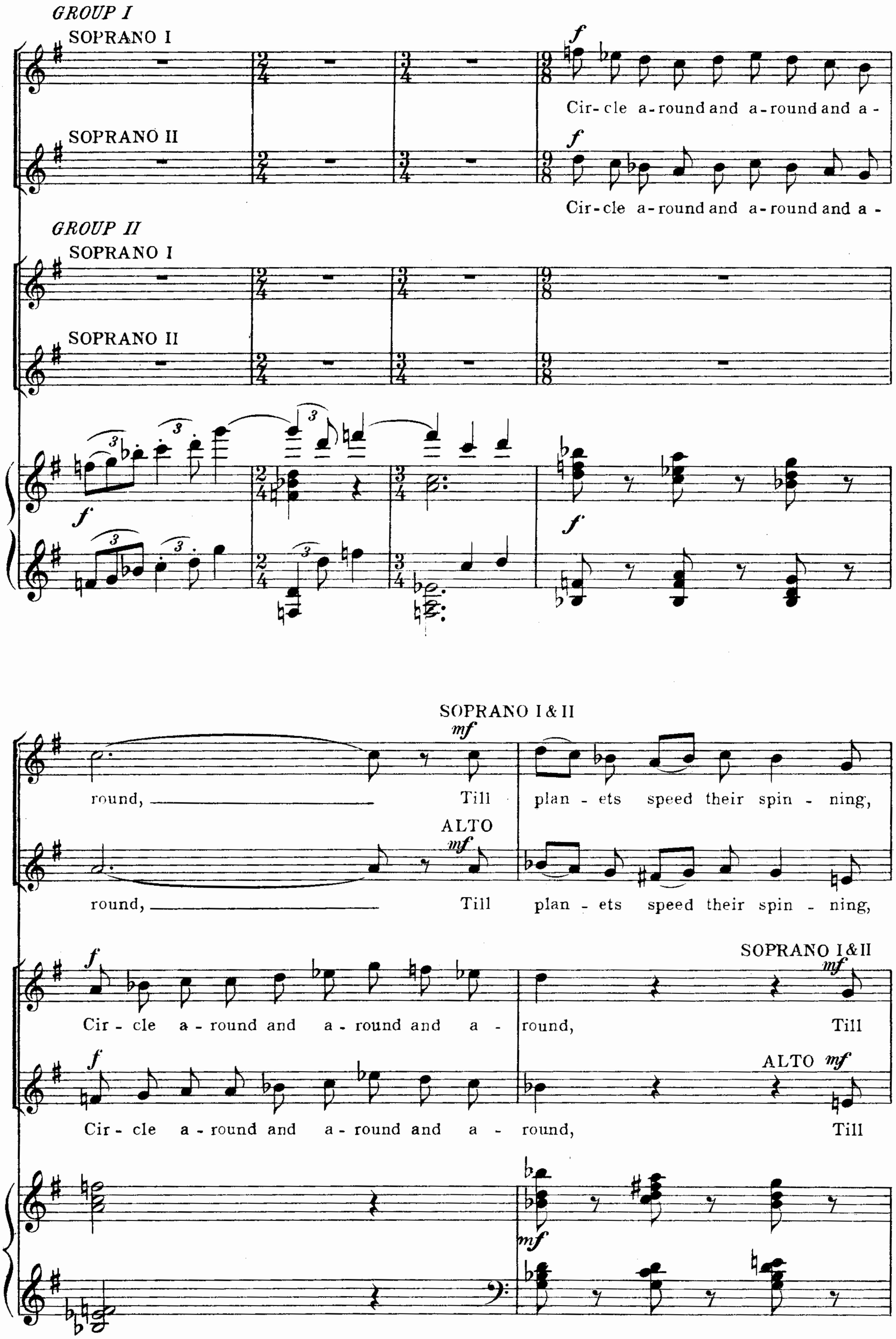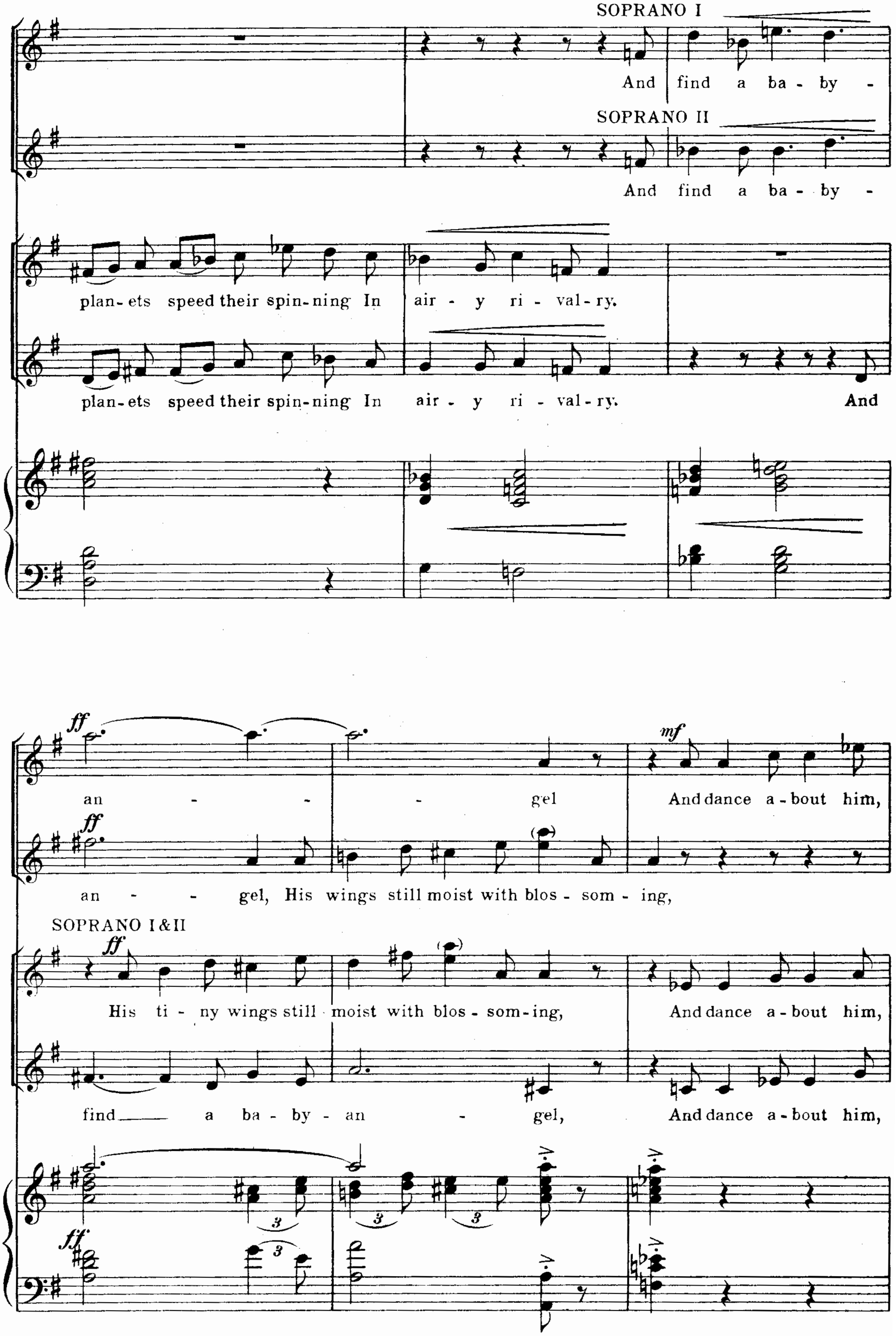


74342-140
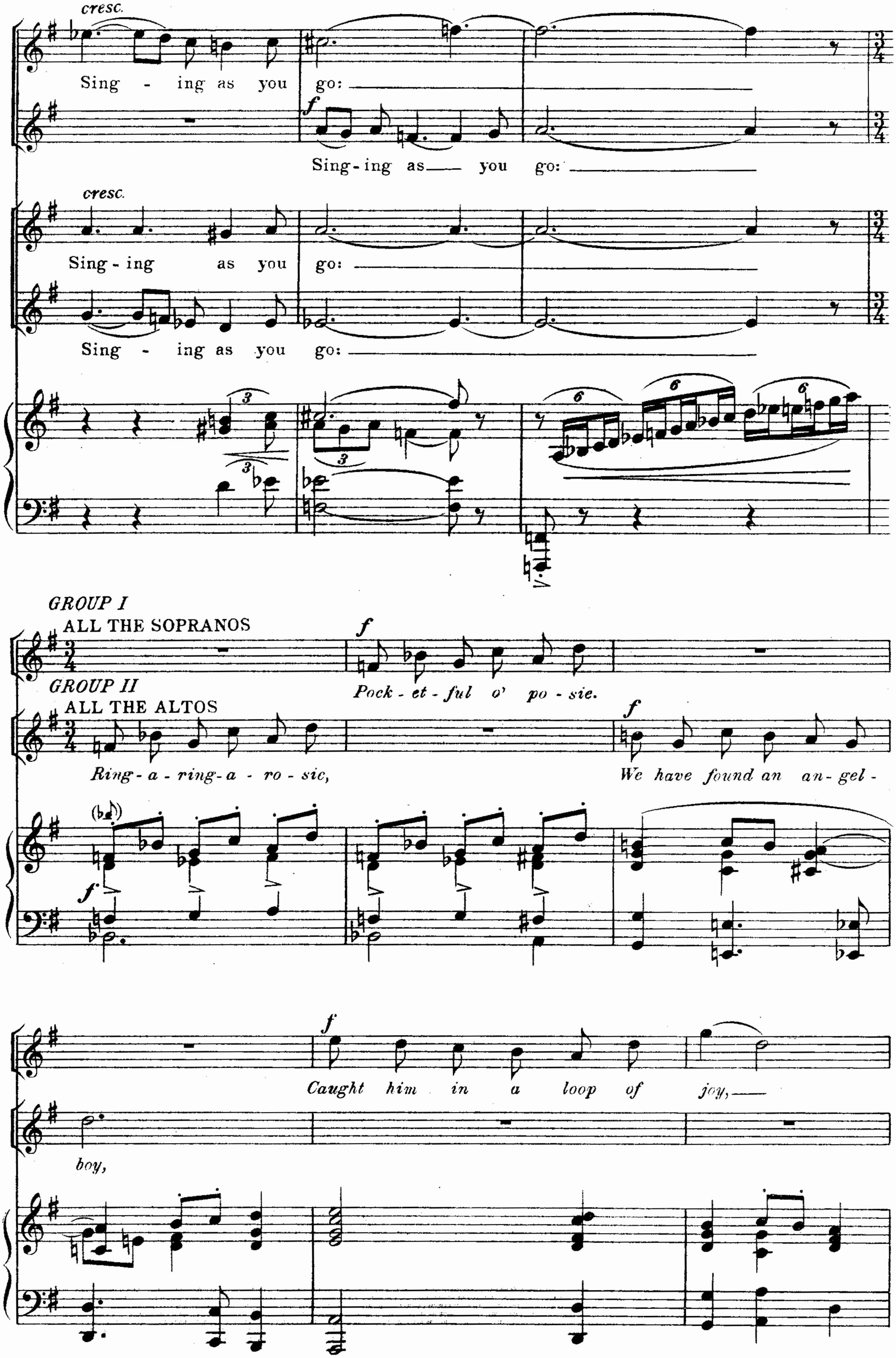

mf SOPRANO II
p ALTO
chil - dren! O - ver the hills of the sky they come
mf
p
f SOPRANO II
mf ALTO
p
dan-cing, Chil - dren, chil - dren! Their feet are white as wa-ter -
f
mf
p
SOPRANO I & II
f
Stain-ing the night with pet-als of snow. Their hair throws nets of beau - ty to the moon,
ALTO
lil - ies. Their hair throws nets of beau - ty to the moon,
f
f
Catch-ing a tan - - gle of stars.
f
Catch-ing a tan - gle of stars.
f
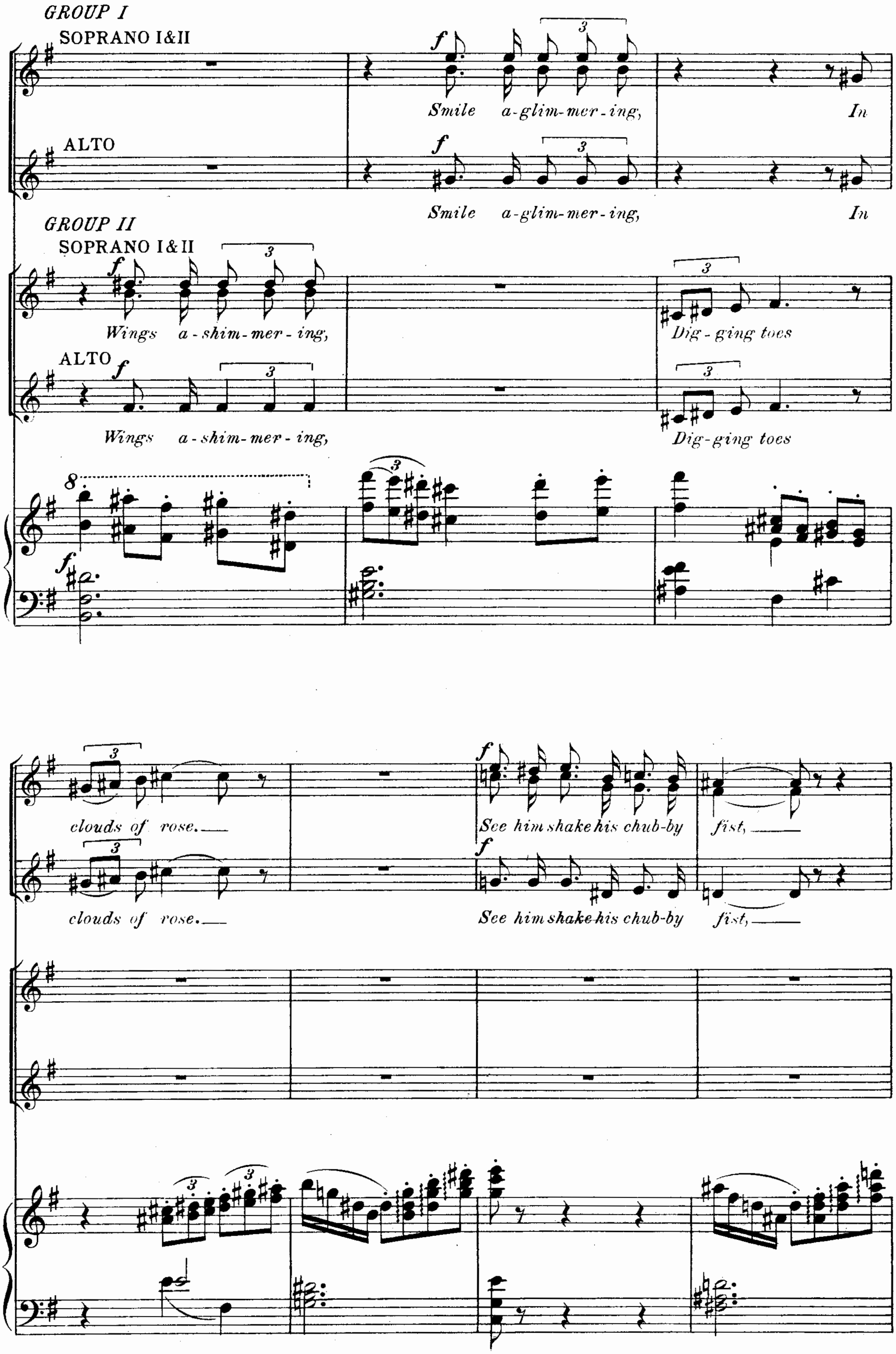

mf
And they ring, ring, ring, The bells of heav'n are their laugh - ter,
The bells of heav'n are their laugh - ter, ring, ring, And they ring, ring, ring,
Bells
mf
cresc.
Ring till all the sky - ey casements o - pen,
Ring till all the sky - ey casements o - pen,
f
O - pen to their chim -
O - pen to their chim -
Bells
f
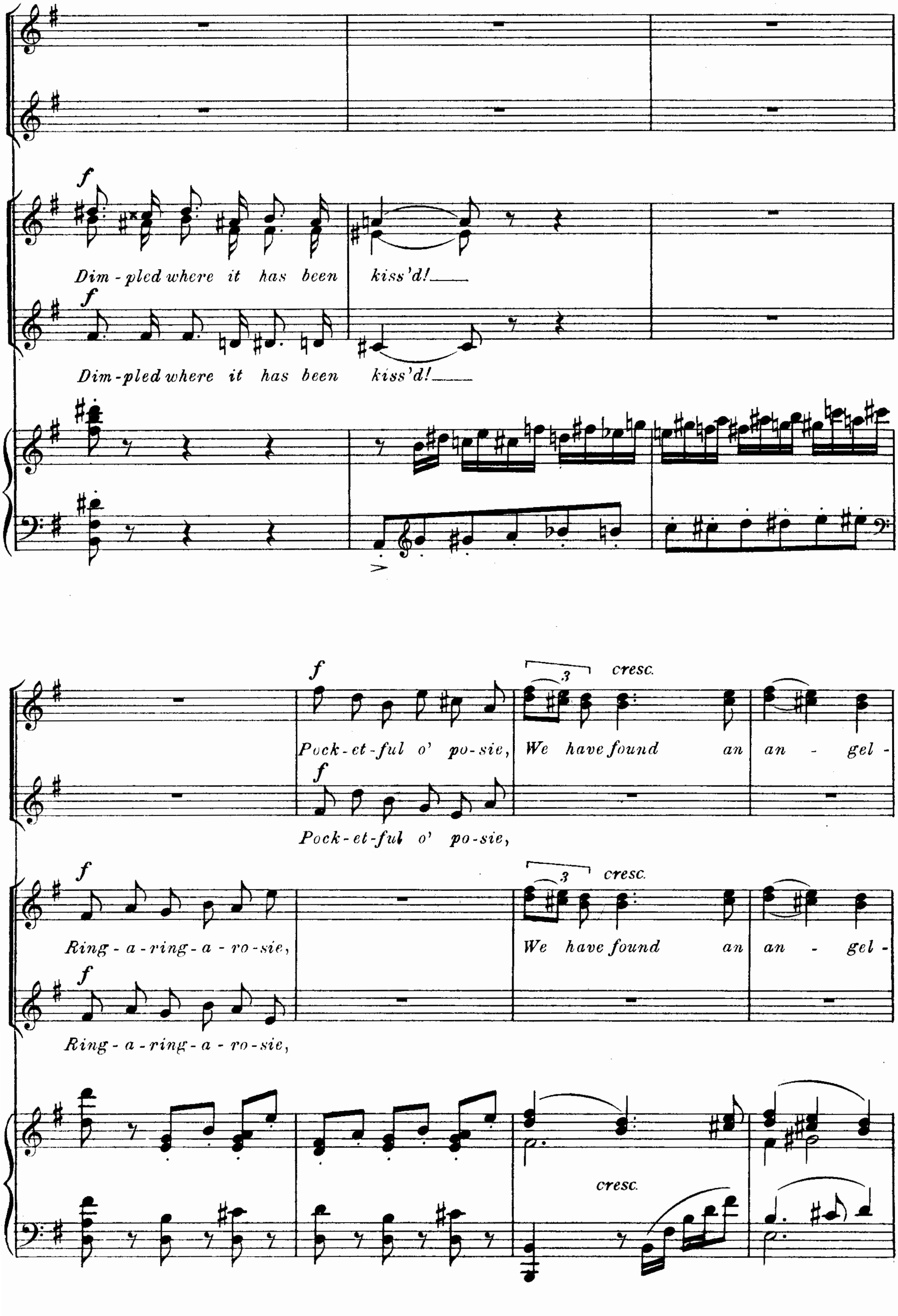

ing.
Play, chil-dren!
ing.
Play, chil-dren!
Play your fleet - est! Play in a pas-sion of joy On the hills of de - light!
Play your fleet - est! Play in a pas-sion of joy On the hills of de - light!
And make a gar - land of glad - ness.
Join your hands as you frol - ic
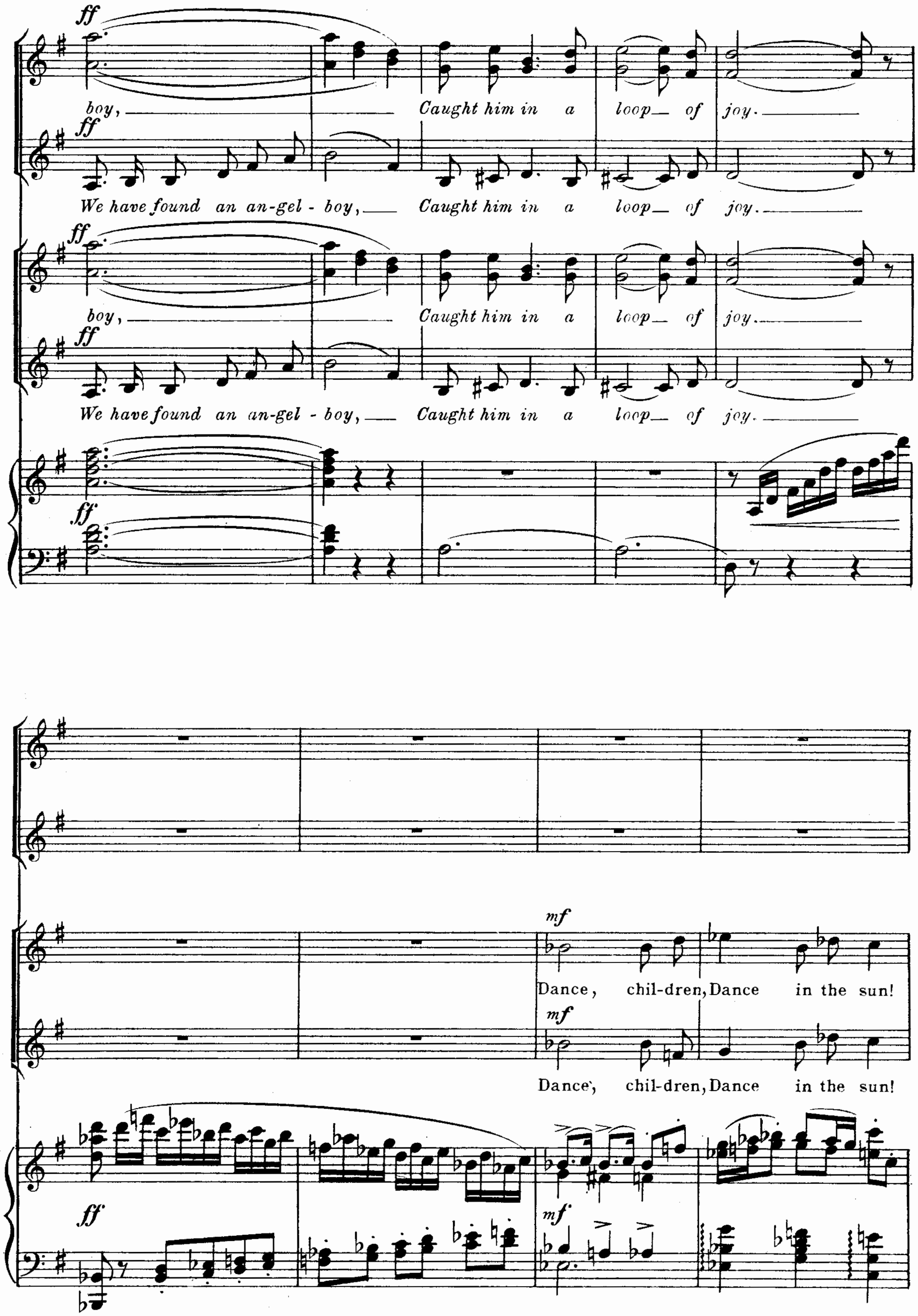

GROUP I
SOPRANO I
f
Cir-cle a-round and a-round and a-
SOPRANO II
f
Cir-cle a-round and a-round and a-
GROUP II
SOPRANO I
SOPRANO II
f
f
round, Till
SOPRANO I & II
mf
plan-ets speed their spin-ning,
round, Till
ALTO
mf
plan-ets speed their spin-ning,
f
Cir-cle a-round and a-round and a-round,
SOPRANO I & II
mf
Till
f
Cir-cle a-round and a-round and a-round,
ALTO mf
Till
mf
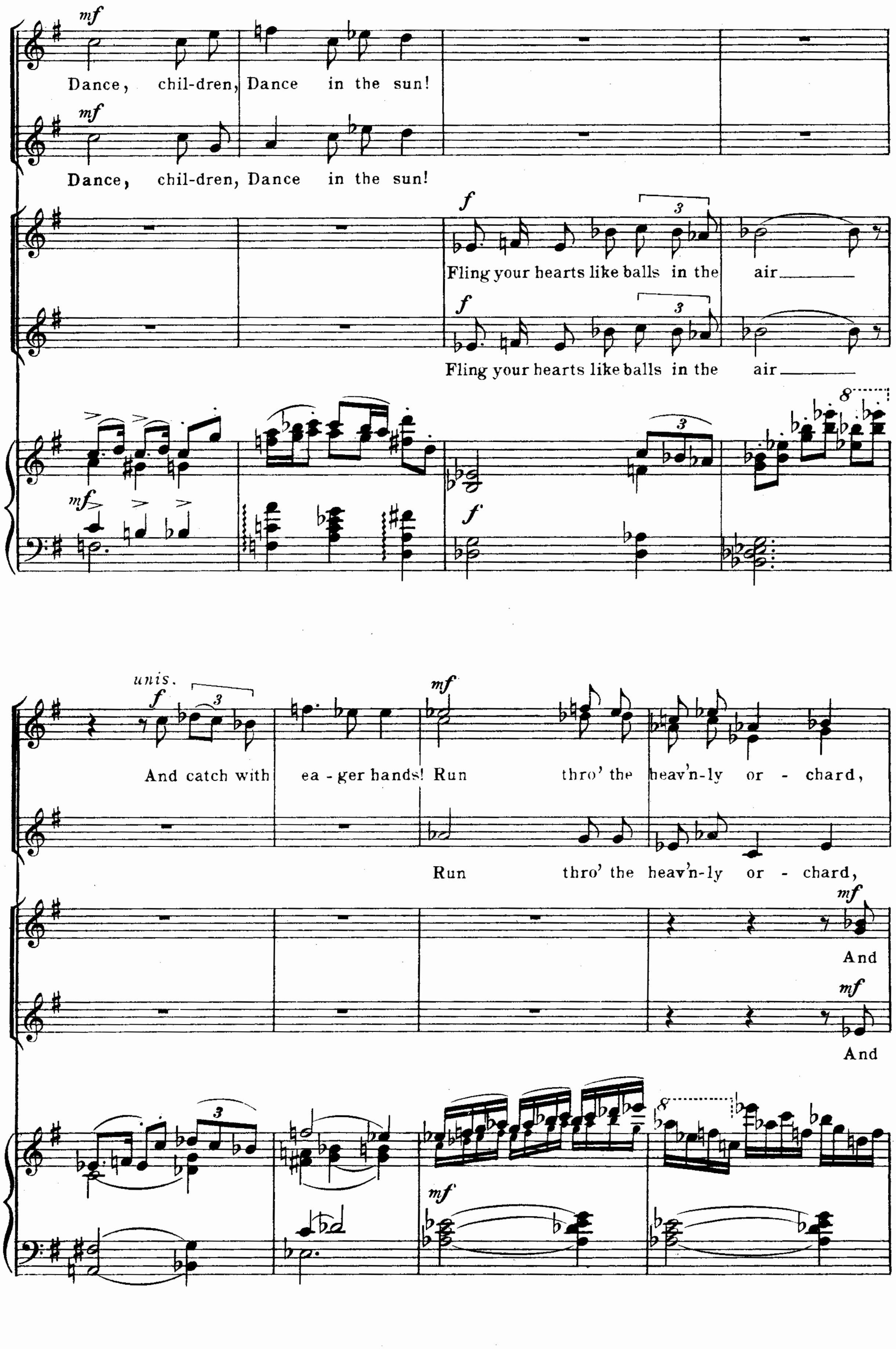

SOPRANO I
And find a ba - by -
SOPRANO II
And find a ba - by -
plan-ets speed their spin-ning In air - y ri - val-ry.
plan-ets speed their spin-ning In air - y ri - val-ry. And
ff
an - - - gel
mf
And dance a-bout him,
ff
an - - gel, His wings still moist with blos - som - ing,
SOPRANO I & II
ff
His ti - ny wings still moist with blos - som-ing,
And dance a-bout him,
find a ba - by - an - gel,
And dance a-bout him,
ff
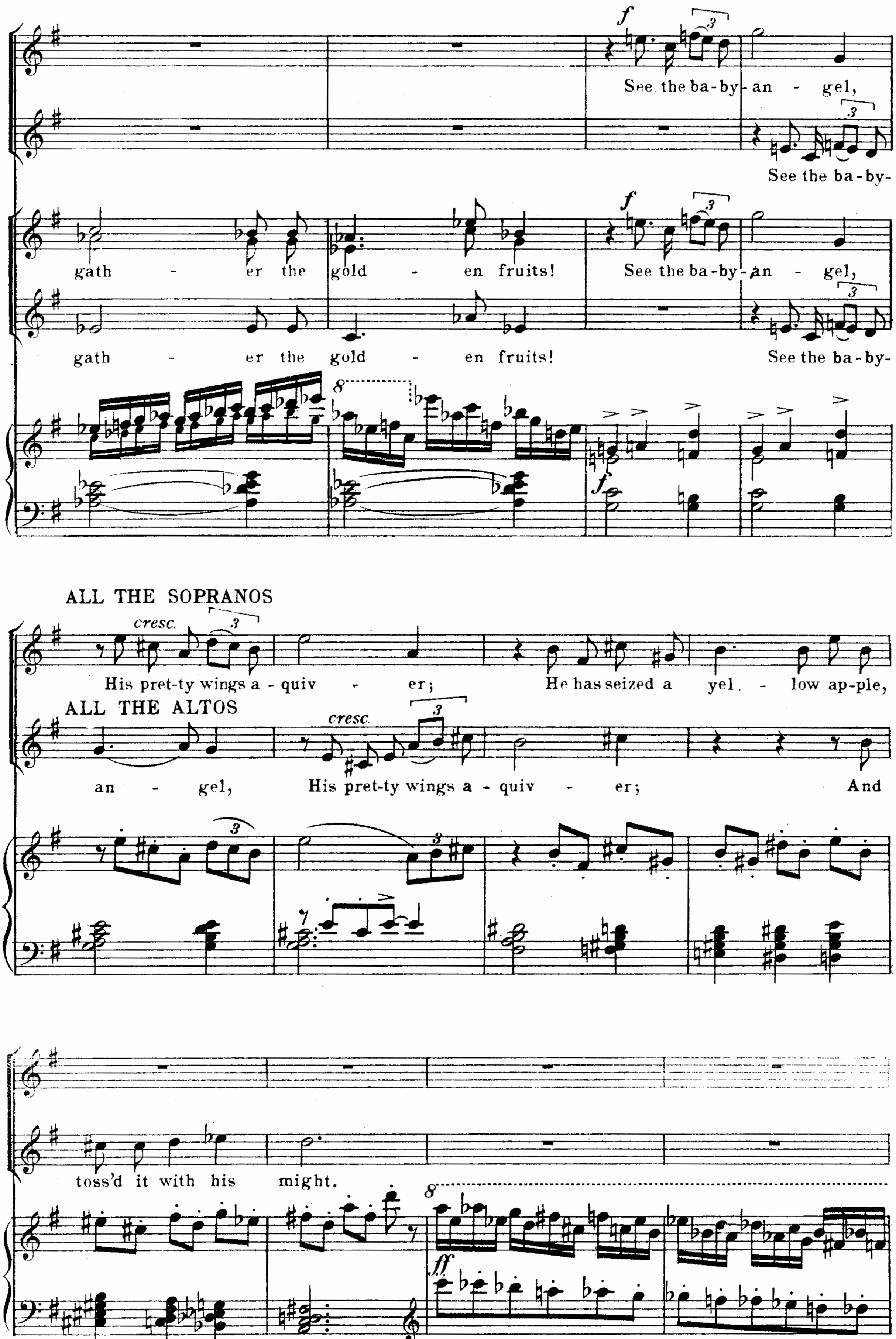

cresc.
Sing - ing as you go:
f
Sing-ing as you go:
cresc.
Sing-ing as you go:
Sing - ing as you go:
GROUP I
ALL THE SOPRANOS
f
Pock - et - ful o' po - sie.
GROUP II
ALL THE ALTOS
Ring - a - ring - a - ro - sie,
f
We have found an an - gel - boy,
f
Caught him in a loop of joy,
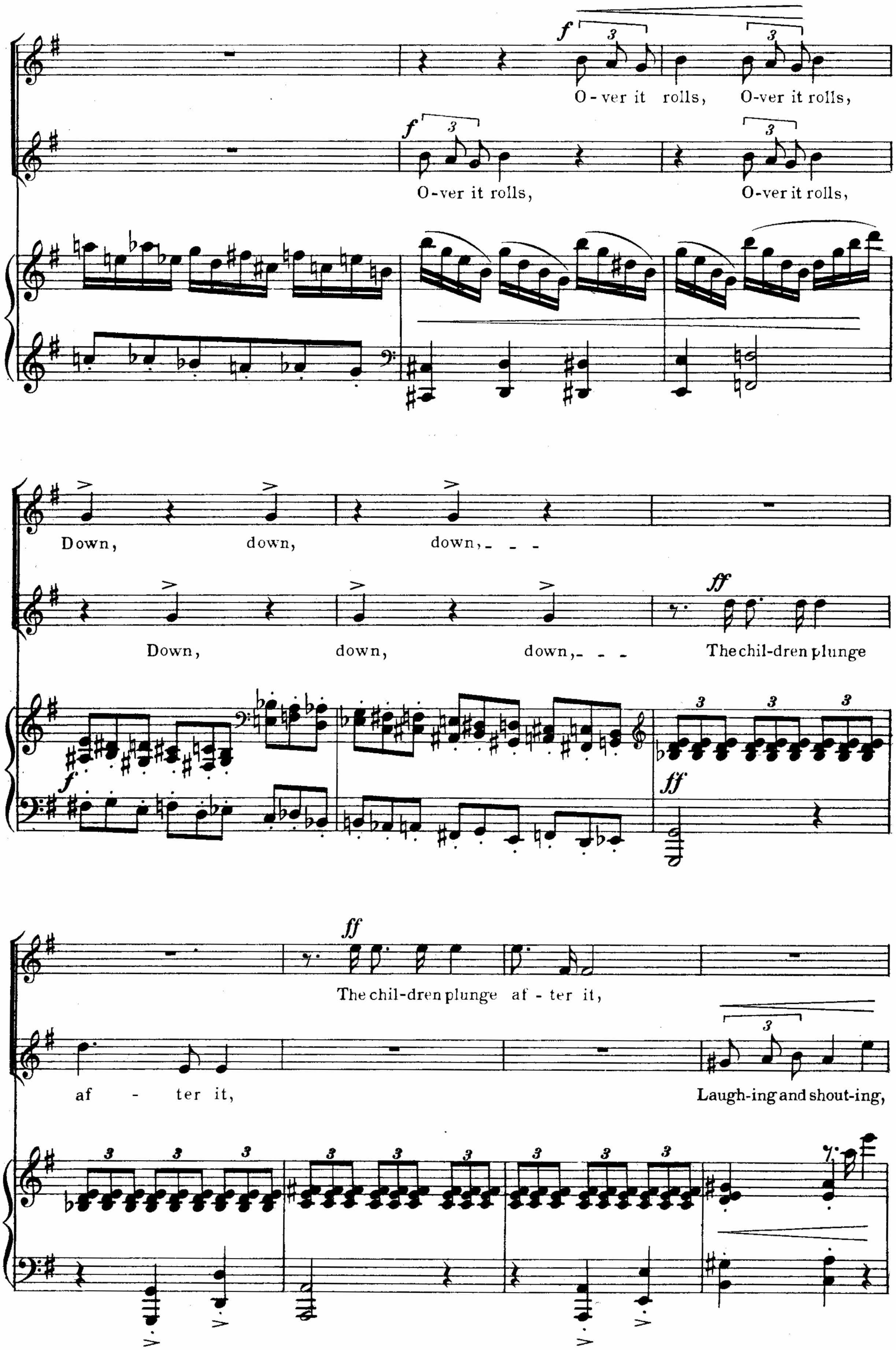

GROUP I
SOPRANO I&II
f
Smile a-glim-mer-ing, In
ALTO
f
Smile a-glim-mer-ing, In
GROUP II
SOPRANO I & II
f
Wings a-shim-mer-ing,
Dig-ging toes
ALTO
f
Wings a-shim-mer-ing,
Dig-ging toes
8
f
clouds of rose.
f
See him shake his chub-by fist,
clouds of rose.
f
See him shake his chub-by fist,
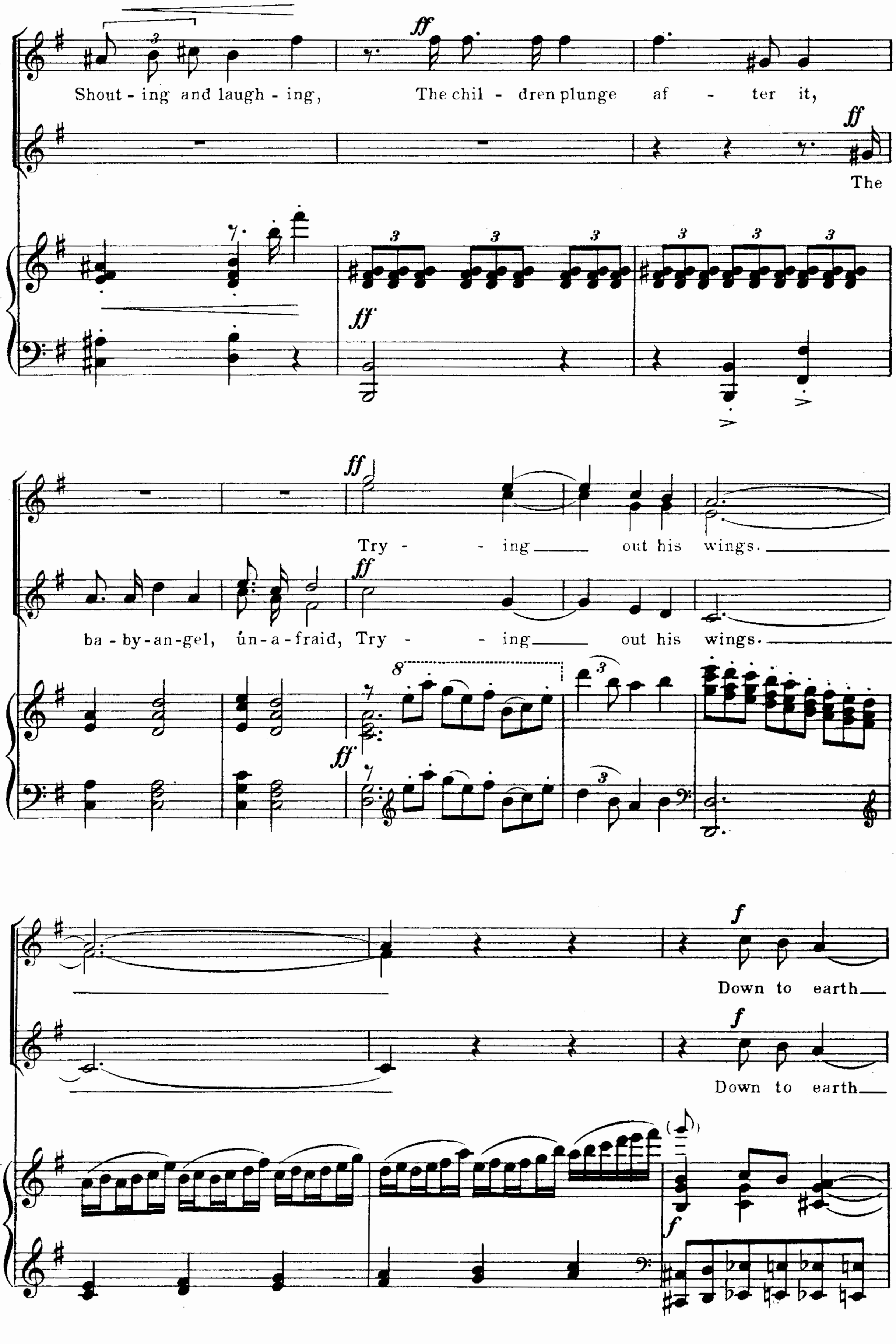

f
Dim-pled where it has been kiss'd!
f
Dim-pled where it has been kiss'd!
f
Pock-et-ful o' po-sie,
We have found an an - gel -
f
Pock-et-ful o' po-sie,
cresc.
f
Ring - a - ring - a - ro - sie,
We have found an an - gel -
f
Ring - a - ring - a - ro - sie,
cresc.
cresc.
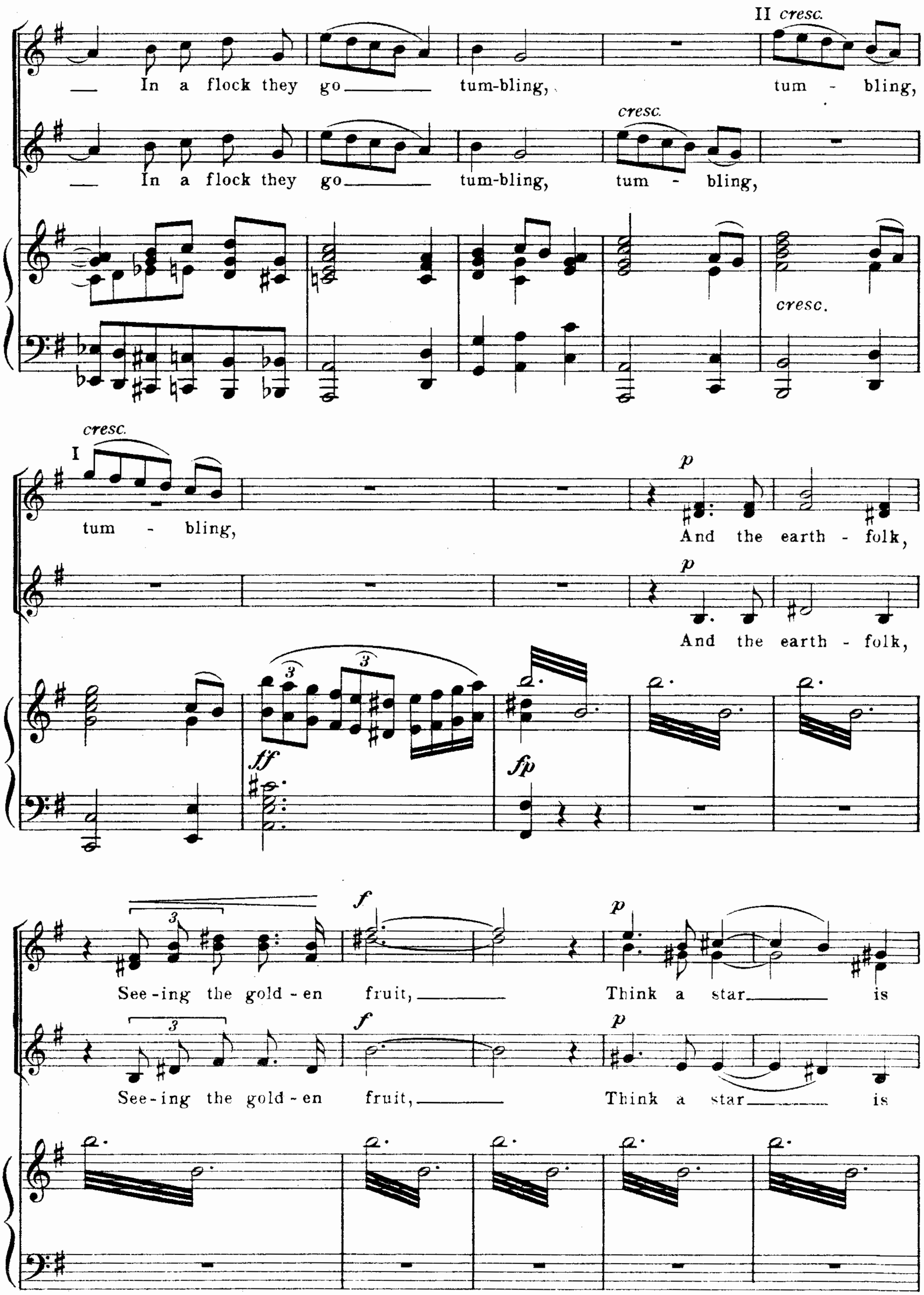

ff
boy, Caught him in a loop of joy.
ff
We have found an an-gel - boy, Caught him in a loop of joy.
ff
boy, Caught him in a loop of joy.
ff
We have found an an-gel - boy, Caught him in a loop of joy.
ff
mf
Dance, chil-dren, Dance in the sun!
mf
Dance, chil-dren, Dance in the sun!
ff
mf
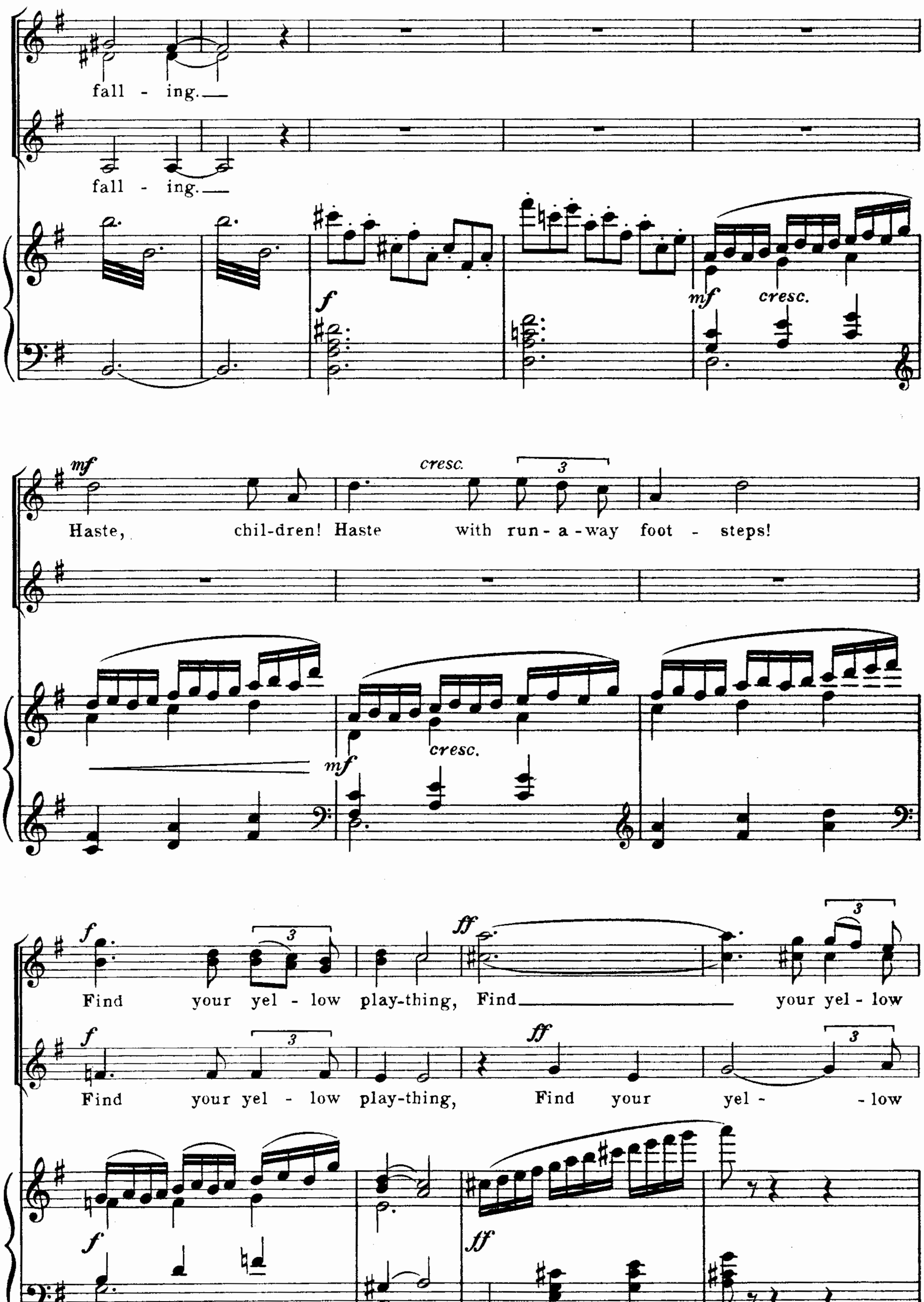

mf
Dance, chil-dren, Dance in the sun!
mf
Dance, chil-dren, Dance in the sun!
f
Fling your hearts like balls in the air
f
Fling your hearts like balls in the air
mf
f
unis.
f
And catch with ea-ger hands! Run thro' the heav'n-ly or-chard,
Run thro' the heav'n-ly or-chard,
mf
And
mf
And
mf
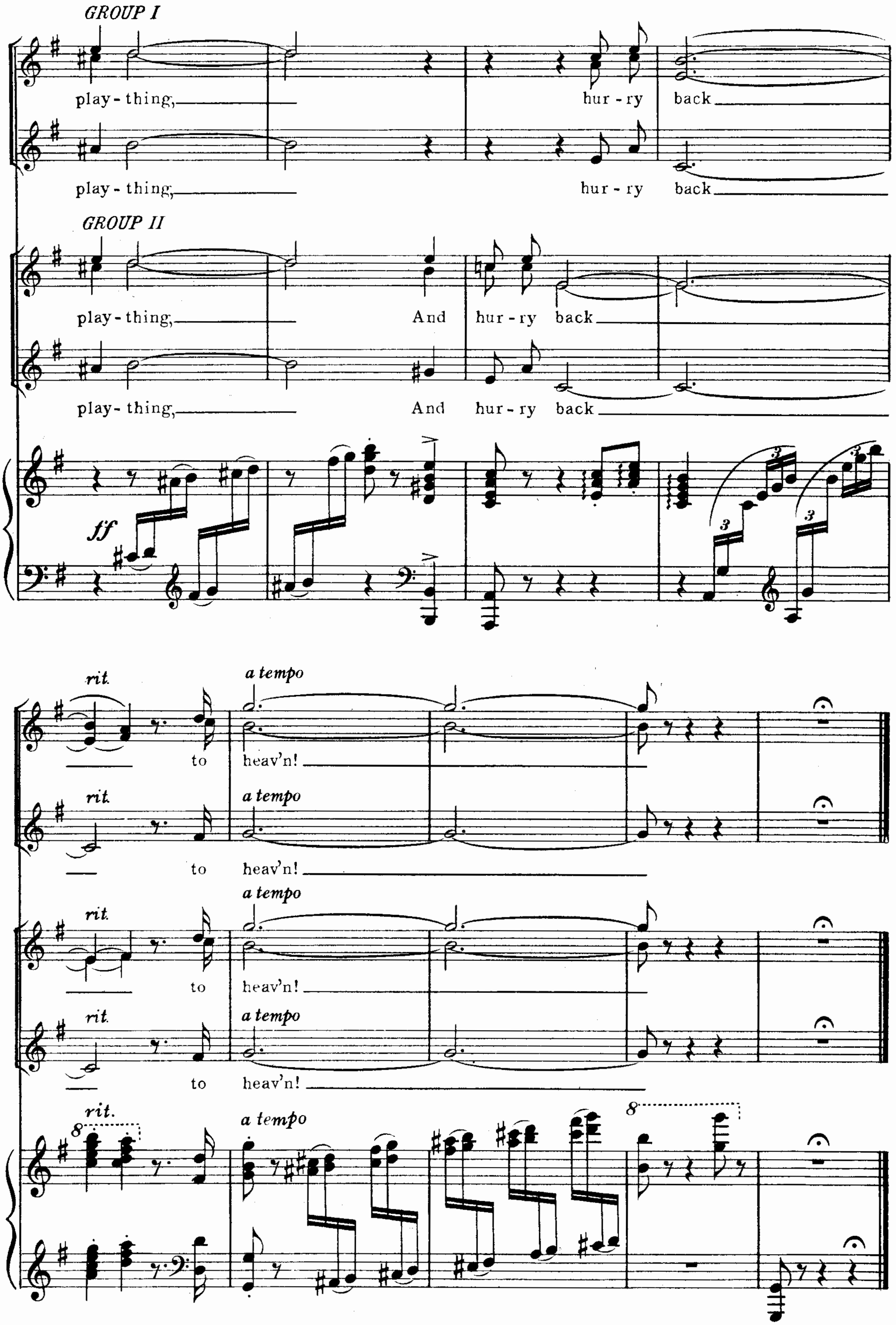

See the ba-by-an - gel,
See the ba-by-
gath - er the gold - en fruits! See the ba-by-an - gel,
gath - er the gold - en fruits! See the ba-by-
ALL THE SOPRANOS
His pret-ty wings a - quiv - er; He has seized a yel - low ap-ple,
ALL THE ALTOS
an - gel, His pret-ty wings a - quiv - er; And
toss'd it with his might.


f
O-ver it rolls, O-ver it rolls,
f
O-ver it rolls, O-ver it rolls,
Down, down, down, - - -
Down, down, down, - - -
ff
The chil-dren plunge af - ter it,
ff
The chil-dren plunge af - ter it,
Laugh-ing and shout-ing,


Shout - ing and laugh - ing, The chil - dren plunge af - ter it,
The
ba-by-an-gel, ún-a-fraid, Try - - ing out his wings.
Try - - ing out his wings.
Down to earth
Down to earth


II cresc.
In a flock they go tum-bling, tum - bling,
cresc.
In a flock they go tum-bling, tum - bling,
cresc.
I cresc.
tum - bling,
p
And the earth - folk,
p
And the earth - folk,
ff
fp
f
See-ing the gold - en fruit,
p
Think a star is
f
See-ing the gold - en fruit,
p
Think a star is


fall - ing.
fall - ing.
f
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
Haste, chil-dren! Haste with run - a - way foot - steps!
mf
cresc.
f
ff
Find your yel - low play-thing, Find your yel - low
f
Find your yel - low play-thing, Find your yel - low
f
ff


GROUP I
play-thing, hur-ry back
play-thing, hur-ry back
GROUP II
play-thing, And hur-ry back
play-thing, And hur-ry back
ff
rit.
a tempo
to heav'n!
to heav'n!
to heav'n!
to heav'n!
rit.
a tempo
8